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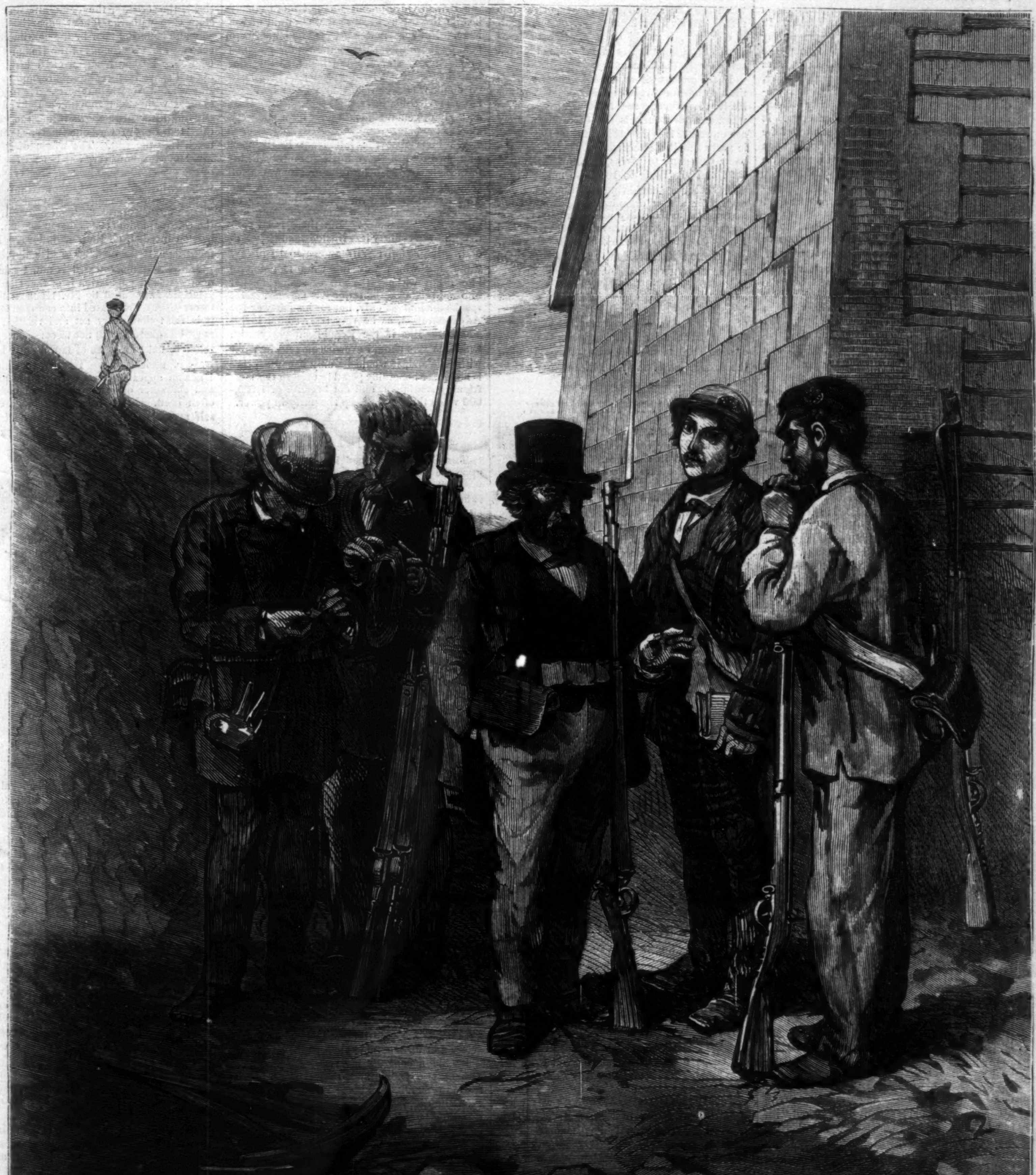

INSIDE PARIS—VOLUNTEERS ON GUARD DUTY AT A POSTERN GATE.—[SEE PAGE 798.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1870.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is published* THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS, *containing an Original and Magnificent Double-Page Cartoon, by our Special Artist,* J. F. GOOKINS, *entitled,*

WAR TIME IN BAVARIA;

together with another Chapter of "TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE," *illustrated; several interesting Stories, and other literary attractions.*

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THE PARTIES.

THOSE who speculate upon the formation of a new party, or gravely propose it, seem to suppose that a great party is organized as a corporation is chartered. But that does not seem to us to be the way in which a party arises. In our own history party divisions began during the administration of WASHINGTON, and the Federal and the National Republican parties continued until the former disappeared, leaving, in the MONROE era of good feeling, no immediate successor. The next great party division was that of the Whigs and the Democrats. It turned philosophically upon the question of the functions of government, and practically upon the just and constitutional policy in regard to internal improvements, a national bank, tariffs, etc. The Whigs contended for a liberal, fostering, protecting, and developing government. The Democrats declared that it was by the enterprise of the people, and not by the action of the government, that the ends sought were to be obtained. But gradually the increase of slavery, and the development by machinery of the products of slave labor, made slavery the controlling element in politics. The intensity of the moral agitation of the subject, with the fanaticism of the slave interest, which used the government for its own purposes, and absolutely dominated the Democratic party, with which it allied itself, and, upon the other hand, the economic sagacity which perceived the material impolicy of slavery, all concentrated political interest upon the subject.

The Democratic party made an abject alliance with slavery. Its policy proceeded entirely from the slave leaders, and their purpose was made evident—had it been doubted—by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The Whig party, unwilling to take any position upon the one absorbing and paramount question of the time, was virtually annihilated in 1852, and the new party division of Republicans and Democrats appeared, which still continues. But does it seem to any one who speaks of a new party that the organization which to-day controls the Administration, and holds a great majority of the States, and which at the intermediate election, when every Administration party is weakest, has carried forty or fifty majority in Congress, is in the condition of the Federal party or the Whig party when they were superseded? The war of 1812 finally destroyed the Federal party, and the slavery question, which was supreme, and which it evaded, destroyed the Whig party in 1852. What issue is there to-day so overshadowing and absorbing that it will probably and properly overthrow the Republican party? If the Republican revenue reformers, as we have said, should desert in a body to the Democratic party, they might do a great deal of mischief. But they will not do it. That reform is an important question; but in the first place it is not paramount to all others, and in the second, if it were, it is by no means evident that the reform is more practicable under Democratic ascendency.

There will be no new party until there is a general feeling that the policy which is essential for the national welfare is more probable with a Democratic than a Republican Administration. And that feeling does not exist. Those who hope for a reform of the civil service, for revenue reform, for a wise foreign policy, for maintenance of the settlements of the Union, for honest and economical administration, and for reform of electoral corruption, do not expect them from the Democratic party. But they do expect them from the Republican party, and they expect them because they are harmonious with the principles, the spirit, and the composition of that party. Some Republicans will, of course, leave the party. Mr. GRATZ BROWN, of Missouri, who has been a faithful Republican hitherto, designs, if we read his late serenade speech correctly, to act with the Democratic party hereafter. But Senator SCHURZ, his coadjutor in the late election, has expressed no such intention. Mr. BROWN sees that he has brought the Democratic party into power in his State, and he naturally wishes to make the best of the situation. But Mr. SCHURZ declines to believe that there are not great national issues upon which he must be a Republican. There are many revenue reformers in New England also, and a strong party for the civil service reform, but they act within and not without the Republican lines.

The Chicago *Tribune*, therefore, seems to us mistaken in supposing that there can be "a reconstruction and reorganization of parties"—in other words, a new party; and when it speaks, among others, of Mr. GARRISON, Mr. BEECHER, Mr. SCHURZ, and Mr. SUMNER as favoring such an attempt, we are very sure that it is mistaken. Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. SUMNER, at least, have distinctly denied sympathy with any effort to destroy the Republican party. Upon some questions they differ with the President, but they do not allow their disapproval of certain executive measures to paralyze their fidelity to the party. The proposal for a new organization, under the circumstances, is, therefore, a declaration in favor of Democratic ascendency. That party is certainly very unlikely to commit hari-kari if it should see its opponent engaged in that operation. Indeed, it is already inviting the Chicago *Tribune* and Mr. SCHURZ to walk into its parlor. It announces that revenue reformers belong with the Democracy, not that Democratic revenue reformers will secede and join a new organization. And when the Chicago *Tribune* speaks of revenue reform and civil service reform as objects equally desirable, it would be interesting to know how lively a hope it has of reform of the civil service from the Democracy.

In the present situation of the country, when the Republican party is neither disbanding nor likely to disband, the Republican who asks whether a new party is not desirable, merely asks whether it is desirable that the Democratic party should be successful. If, indeed, the party had gone to pieces, like the Federal in 1812 and the Whig in 1852, he might wisely ask whether he should vote with the Democrats or try for a new organization. He will not forget that the country was so ready for the Republican party that, in 1856, it polled 1,200,000 out of less than 3,000,000 votes cast, and elected its President in 1860. Is there any corresponding situation now? The career and character and leadership and necessities of the Democratic party are known of all men. Who believes that great and salutary reforms of political corruption and official systems are to proceed from it? Who supposes that greater order, progress, and economy, would follow the destruction of the Republican party?

GENERAL BUTLER'S VIEW.

GENERAL BUTLER has repeated the substance of his late reported views upon the English question in a speech. The General remarks that the ears of a certain offender are very large, that there are nails, a hammer, and a pump handy, but he would by no means recommend nailing the ears to the pump, although the sinner richly deserves it, and it could be very easily done. His arraignment of England is not upon the ground that the British Government prematurely recognized the Confederacy, nor that the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah* were suffered to escape, but that after they escaped they were received, refitted, and provisioned in British ports; besides which England was "bitterly hostile;" and she has suffered a "dominion" to be consolidated upon our northern frontier for the purpose of crippling us, while she has destroyed our commerce upon the sea. Moreover, there is constant British intermeddling in the fisheries, out of which serious collisions are sure to arise. These offenses General BUTLER elaborates, and then proceeds to consider the remedy. This is non-intercourse, in the first place, which will probably lead to war; then a maritime war, unless England consents to relinquish her American possessions.

The General can not conceal his fervent hope that war may arise. "Far be it from me to suggest," he substantially says, "that the strength of the Democratic party is the votes of 1,200,000 Irishmen, and that they would be given to the war party; or that the Democrats themselves would, of course, support the Government in a foreign war; or that our Southern brethren, now somewhat discomposed, would gladly join in a contest that would again unite us as loving brethren; or that it would be a war upon the ocean, in which only a few sailors (whose interests as fishermen are so dear to me!) would be killed, while the stimulus given to American production would not only pay the cost of the war, but make every body rich besides; far from me," says the General, "be the disposition to allude to such conspicuous facts; but when I think of them I can not help praying that I may be saved from temptation."

This speech of General BUTLER's was delivered in the Music Hall, where a few weeks before THOMAS HUGHES had spoken upon the same general subject. Which speech, in manliness, in lofty spirit, in sincere and generous humanity, was preferable? Which was the speech of a man honorably anxious that the two great nations whose harmony is essential to the development of free government should be at peace, if peace be possible, and which that of a politician who seeks to kick up a row which he hopes may save what he considers a moribund party? Which country is the more fortunate in its orator upon the occasion—America or England? General BUTLER's speech is remarkable for its unfairness. We have felt and we feel as deeply as any Americans the conduct of the British Government during our war. But we should certainly be the meanest of ingrates if we forgot that great body of Englishmen composed not only of popular leaders like JOHN BRIGHT and COBDEN and GOLDWIN SMITH and CAIRNES and THOMAS HUGHES, but of the great mass of the cotton operatives, who stood fast by us, and even consented to starve that we might win. And what says General BUTLER? Let us have non-intercourse. Let us keep back our cotton and breadstuffs, and in six months pinched Manchester, Birmingham, and Bradford will work a revolution! That is to say, let us starve the workmen who were true to us until their suffering brings the Government to terms.

What did these workmen do for us? They sustained the liberal leaders in England who compelled the Government to decline the invitation of France to recognize the independence of the Confederacy. General BUTLER says that the British Government was not more openly hostile toward us because it was afraid of the issue. Not so. It was because its hands were held by those whom the General now proposes to pinch and starve. We insist, as they do, that they shall not be forgotten; and we have no doubt whatever that they will be infinitely more serviceable in settling the difficulty than an army of generals looking out for a party cry at home.

We hope that the intelligent Englishmen who have recently been in this country will inform their countrymen of the precise weight of General BUTLER in our politics. He is a man whose services in certain angry junctures of the war were signal and most efficient, and gratefully remembered. But there is no politician in the country less trusted than the General. He is universally known to be always wondering which way the wind is going to blow; but without the gift of seeing further into mill-stones than quieter persons. He speaks for himself only, not for his party or the Administration, as he very truly stated in his address. But if the Republican party with which he acts should ever become a war party with England, it would be only because peace is no longer honorably possible even to the most friendly sentiment, and not because of 1,200,000 votes that might keep the party in power.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

THE position assumed in the Russian note upon the treaty of Paris, as we said last week, is destructive of all joint treaties. If no power is bound by a treaty whenever it chooses to declare any of its provisions violated, it is not bound at all. There is no ultimate tribunal to which the subject can be referred. A nation in signing a treaty engages its faith, but there is no superior authority to enforce its observance. If the faith fails, every thing falls. A nation, indeed, does not pledge nor compromise its sovereignty. It must finally be the judge of the treaty. But when it has become a party to a joint understanding, it has virtually agreed that it will proceed under it in a friendly spirit, and a friendly spirit requires that it shall refer to all the signers any question which may arise under the agreement. If it is dissatisfied with the judgment, it has its remedy. It can then declare, as a sovereign, that it takes all the risk of withdrawing from a compact, the conditions of which it believes to be violated.

This is the view taken by the English note of the Earl of Granville, and there can be no doubt of its justice. It is very possible that the Earl did not sufficiently consider two things: first, that nations are not as punctilious in such cases as good faith and obvious principle require, and that England herself should be extremely careful how she lays down abstract principles of international conduct; and second, that when Russia makes such a declaration at such a time, she has probably studied her opportunity, and means to do what she says, and that, therefore, the answer should be so expressed as to admit of a pacific reply, unless war was already accepted. But the English note only suggested that if a reference to a congress had been proposed by Russia, England would gladly have assented. If Russia chooses, a peaceful issue will certainly follow, because in a congress Russia would undoubtedly have her way, and while she triumphed she could not be accused of dishonorable violation of a treaty.

Should a congress assemble, Russia would present two facts: first, that the treaty was made to her disadvantage; and secondly, that even the disadvantageous treaty had not been respected by the other powers. Both positions would be correct. If the congress assented to such modifications as Russia might propose, she would have prevailed peaceably. If, on the other hand, the congress declined to modify, Russia would properly reply that she had done what was possible for a united solution of the difficulty; and her action being apparently unacceptable, she must resume her original right, and withdraw from what she believes to be a broken compact. If then England or any other power proposed to make war, it would be upon some other ground. That ground, of course, is evident. It was the consideration that originally made the treaty to the disadvantage of Russia. It is the fear of the Russian extension in the East.

If, therefore, England is tenacious, it is not because a treaty is formally violated, but because the violation of the treaty is accepted by her as the beginning of a policy injurious to her interests. England looks at India, not at Turkey. Turkey is only a barricade maintained by Europe in the path of Russia. But should Russia refer the question to the great powers, and should they decide that she must continue under the restraints imposed by the treaty, her refusal to be bound in her strength by conditions imposed upon her helplessness would be naturally and universally respected.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THE Reverend Father HECKER recently delivered a lecture in Boston upon the true method of caring for the poor, whether by the church or the state. He contrasted the unthrift, the cruelty, the demoralization of the state care with the tender supervision of the sick and suffering poor by the charitable brotherhoods and sisterhoods of the Roman Catholic Church. Father HECKER cited history. He did not spare HENRY the Eighth, and he quoted English and American reports. He might have alluded with effect to GINX's Baby, but that stinging little satire shows rather too distinctly that the Roman Catholic methods are very much like the rest. The whole discourse of Mr. HECKER, however, was but an application of the principle which he stated—as reported—when he began. "The Catholic Church teaches that the whole man comes under the jurisdiction of the Church." That has been always the cardinal axiom of his denomination. That being conceded, all the rest follows. It is, in fact, the extreme demand of his Church.

If the statement which is now made that a quarter of our population is of that Church, the principle announced by Mr. HECKER becomes interesting. Translated into common language it is this: that every act and relation of life must be subordinated, not to conscience, not to religion, not to a sense of moral duty, but to a body of ecclesiastics. History, to which Mr. HECKER appeals, shows us what the purposes and character of the ecclesiastical body have often been. Every man's knowledge of himself and his own experience teach him what such a body must always be. Mr. HECKER has done a great service by publicly and plainly stating the objective point of the activity of his Church. It is a statement which would satisfy the most extravagant *ultramontane*. And it is not to be forgotten that the particular ecclesiastical body which makes the declaration through Father HECKER is the only Christian denomination in this country which has expressed political purposes. True to the theory that the Church should take charge of "the whole man," it demands its share of the school money, that it may put the schools in which its children are taught at the public expense under its own ecclesiastical control. Faithful to the principle of the subjection of "the whole man" to the Church, it will enforce its views of his political duty. It is upon this principle, and no other, that the Church by the Pope claimed authority to release subjects from their allegiance. The doctrine is that the Church, which is of no country, but is universal, is charged with the care of every relation of every man. It demands that the Church be first obeyed, and then such authority as the Church may designate. It demands that the subject of the Church in England or America be loyal or disloyal to his government as the Church, to whose jurisdiction "the whole man" is subordinated, may direct.

We say that Father HECKER's doctrine is the extreme demand of his Church. He has recently returned from the Œcumenical Council at Rome. That Council has affirmed the infallibility of the Pope. Then, of course, he was always infallible. Then, upon all subjects which the Church could rightfully decide, the Pope has always spoken infallibly. Then, again, if the Church is to regulate every human relation, as Father HECKER claims, the Pope might justly control temporal affairs, and the papal interference with local political governments was justifiable. Yet where shall we find the evidence of the harmony of the Roman Church upon which its clergy always lay such stress? If Father HECKER should explain that when he says "the whole man comes under the jurisdiction of the Church" he means only so far as the Church has rightful jurisdiction, he plays with phrases in a manner unworthy of him, and which we do not believe he intends. But if his words mean what they express, he is at variance with other seraphic doctors. For Archbishop PURCELL tells us that when he asked in the Œcumenical Council where was the authority of the Popes to depose HENRY or ELIZABETH, or to absolve their subjects from their allegiance, "the entire Council, with one voice, cried out, 'Those Popes had no authority, no commission from God to pretend to any such power.'" Yet, if the Church is charged with jurisdiction of "the whole man," and the Pope, when speaking upon subjects rightfully cognizable by the

Church, speaks infallibly, then when he annuls allegiance he is within his acknowledged sphere.

The reader of Father HECKER's praises of his Church need not deny to that organization any merit which it may justly claim—the heroism of many a missionary, the wonders of its discipline. But when he is asked to surrender to any body of men, because they are ecclesiastics, the supreme control of all human relations, he will follow the father into history and experience, and ask himself whether Spain and the Netherlands under PHILIP the Second, or any country to-day in which ecclesiastical authority is virtually supreme—the rural parts of France and Spain, and the patrimony of St. Peter, under the immediate political control of the Pope—present a spectacle of human well-being which persuades him that the practice of Father HECKER's doctrine would be likely to increase the happiness of mankind.

THE SITUATION IN MISSOURI.

THE St. Louis *Democrat* makes an interesting statement in regard to the late vote in Missouri. It was assumed out of the State that about a third of the Republican vote was cast for Mr. BROWN, and that the enfranchisement of the ex-rebels would add about 70,000 votes to the Democratic party, which would give it the permanent control of the State. But the *Democrat* says that there were 120,000 Republican votes at the election, of which 65,000 were for BROWN, and 55,000 for M'CLURG; and about 43,000 Democratic votes, of which 38,000 were for BROWN and 5000 for M'CLURG. The *Democrat*, upon investigation, is of opinion that if every man recently enfranchised should vote with the Democrats, the Democratic strength would not exceed 116,000, against 130,000 Republican votes; and it concludes, first, that a majority of the Republicans voted for BROWN; second, that more Republicans than Democrats voted for BROWN; and third, that the Republicans, if united, have now more than 14,000 majority in the State, even if all the newly enfranchised men vote against them; and that majority, by immigration and other causes, will be still larger in 1872.

On the other hand, as General GRANT will probably be the Republican candidate in 1872, it will be impossible for Governor BROWN to support a man of whom he has spoken as he did of the President during the recent campaign; and unless he is totally without influence, which can not be assumed, he can distract the party so as to give the State to the Democrats. In his serenade speech Governor BROWN said: "I am the last man in the nation to disregard the obligations under which I stand, and in this election I recognize that my obligations are in the largest measure due to the Democratic party of the State of Missouri." It is very evident that the Governor does not regard his election as a Republican victory; and although he says that there was no appeal to party, his speech is a loud note of praise of the Democratic party as released from its old bonds, and established upon "a platform upon which the young men of this nation can stand." Governor BROWN, therefore, in his own view, is a Missouri Democrat. He is of opinion that the regeneration of parties has begun, and in his dithyrambic of the Democracy he has not even a word of remembrance for the party with which he was associated, and whose achievements will long be the chief glory of our history. That the St. Louis *Democrat* also intends to leave the Republican party we shall regret to believe.

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY AND REFORM.

WE observe that the Boston *Advertiser* asserts that the Secretary of the Treasury is unjustly charged with indifference to the civil service reform, and that he has "done all in his power to secure honest examinations." But the implication of the *Advertiser's* remarks that appointments in the various branches of the Treasury Department are not political, and that patronage is abolished, is certainly unfounded. In some of the very details mentioned by the *Advertiser* the fatal power of patronage is most evident. We are very glad to know that the Secretary of the Treasury approves the principle of the civil service reform, and we can assure him that there is a great deal he can yet do to reduce it to practice. But the one measure which would spare him all trouble, and enable him to give himself wholly to his official duties, would be a wise civil service bill. Is the Secretary in favor of a law upon the subject, or does he only favor what the *Advertiser* calls a dead law "which he has revived?" Why was it dead? And is it not while this law has been upon the statute-book that the great abuses of the service have occurred? A clear and positive statement from the Secretary, exposing the present system and recommending a real reform—a statement such as Secretary COX made last year—would be of the greatest value to the country.

But meanwhile the evil of the existing system is too radical and fatal to be trifled with by any vague and well-meant exculpations of particular persons. It is the system which is responsible, not the heads of departments. Every Secretary now takes office with the implied obligation to administer its patronage in the interest of the party. There are certain important officers whose chief business is the regulation of patronage. The political weight, as well as the fidelity and service of subordinates, is a subject of constant record and regard. To retain an experienced postmaster in the most insignificant village, who is not of orthodox politics, is regarded as an insult by the party in the town. And the Secretary of the Treasury knows, as every body else knows, that if the Republicans were to lose control of the government, every one of the officers whom he has appointed upon proper examination would be turned adrift for others who might be as "properly examined" by the Secretary's successor. The important points in the service are character and ability, and permanence of tenure. If the Secretary could say that every body he had appointed had been proved to be fit for his place, he could not say that the fitness would retain the place. And that is one of the essential objects of the reform. It is the uncertainty of tenure which is so horribly demoralizing. The man who is put into an office by political pressure, and who knows that the utmost honesty, devotion, and intelligence will not hold him in his place against the stronger political pressure of another candidate, is under a cruel temptation to make hay while the sun shines. And it is not a temptation to which any nation can wisely expose its citizens.

If, then, the Secretary of the Treasury has been really practicing the principles of the reform by carefully ascertaining the qualifications of candidates, and by rejecting those who are found to be incompetent, we may justly expect from him a public advocacy of a law which would make his efforts really effective. If the Secretary merely directs to-day the examination of candidates who are politically nominated, and to-morrow directs the examination of others who are more powerfully nominated, and substitutes to-morrow's graduates for to-day's, what has the country gained? It is not a fact that only competent persons are now appointed in the various branches of the Treasury service. But if it were, would not common-sense suggest that competent officers should have some security of their positions?

NOTES.

THE article in the *Edinburgh Review* upon the European situation, which is attributed to Mr. GLADSTONE, recognizes the immense force of civilized public opinion, the new power with which statesmen and rulers have to deal. So the letters of MILL, FROUDE, and CAIRNES, against a war with Russia, are stated to have seriously influenced the probabilities of the situation by their calm and moderating appeals. It is very evident that the old days of war-making have passed, and that Governments have become conscious of the necessity of popular approval in proceeding to extremities. It is no longer to be considered patriotism to support blindly the summons of the Government to the field in defense of what is called national honor. If a question arises, and Lord Granville, for instance, declares that one course should be taken, and Mr. MILL declares for another, public opinion, believing the one counselor to be as disinterested as the other, and as fully master of the facts and the law, will pause and reflect, and the decision is as likely to be against the minister as for him. It is the significant sign of progress, for every thing that tends to make war more difficult is a blessing to mankind. War is sometimes unavoidable, but it is never any thing but the least of two terrible evils.

AMONG the new magazines none is more striking and beautiful in its general form and arrangement than *Art*, an illustrated monthly devoted to the fine and industrial arts, and which has absorbed the *Photographic Art Journal*. It is published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, in London, and Messrs. PUTNAM & SON are the New York publishers, furnishing it at thirteen dollars and a half per annum. The illustrations are various and striking, and the articles are instructive and valuable. In the September number there are two drawings by the American VEDDER, and six prints from NIELLI engravings in the British Museum. The work is, of course, addressed, like *Nature*, to a special taste and interest, but for them it will be found very satisfactory.

THE Pope has certainly one effective weapon, which it is reported that he will use against VICTOR EMANUEL. When the King of Italy appears in Rome the Pope will order the churches in that city to be closed. The city, in fact, will be laid under an interdict. Now Rome without open churches and the music of incessant bells would be another Rome to the stranger; but to the native and to the Italian Roman Catholic population it would be as if a visible curse rested upon the city. It is possible to conceive certain Protestant towns in which the temporary closing of the churches would not profoundly excite the people. But to close the church to the average Roman would be to close to him the gates of heaven. He would feel that the favor of God was averted. Should this be done, there will certainly be a powerful pressure of public dissatisfaction in Rome. The Pope's hope, of course, is that it will be directed against the Italian Government. But it is not impossible that the people may find leaders who will say, "Let us not sacrifice our newly found liberty to the Holy Father, but let us compel him to yield to that liberty." So if the Pope should insist, it is not impossible that he may be driven from Rome by the Romans. And when, by insisting upon his interdict against the popular remonstrance, it became evident that it was leveled at the Romans as well as at the new order, the Italian leaders would have gained a great advantage. The interdict, however, is the most powerful weapon, under the circumstances, in the papal armory.

IT is remarkable that the French were as ignorant of the movements of the Prussians before the decisive battle of Sedan as the Prussians were of those of the French before the equally fatal battle of Jena, sixty years before. Lord Palmerston says, in his journal: "A general and decisive battle took place on the 14th [of October, 1806] between Jena and Auerstadt, which ended in the total defeat and annihilation of the Prussian army. The force on each side was nearly equal, amounting to about 120,000 men. The two armies had for some days been near each other, but the Prussians were so destitute of intelligence that they did not know where the French were till a day or two before the action." LOUIS NAPOLEON says, in his late apology: "So well did the Prussians conceal their movements behind the formidable shelter of cavalry which they deployed before them in all directions that, notwithstanding the most persevering inquiries, it was never really known where the mass of their troops was, nor, in consequence, where our chief efforts should be directed."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE present to our readers a list of appropriations made at the last session of Congress for literary, scientific, educational, and benevolent purposes, for the year ending June 30, 1871, which, we think, will be of interest as showing a generous recognition of the claims of such objects, and an earnest of what may be looked forward to in the future. It is true that the sums mentioned are considerably less than many foreign governments expend, since the national museum of Great Britain receives annually about $600,000, while all the national museums of the United States can only count up $33,000. In other directions, however, the disbursements authorized by Congress are much greater than the corresponding appropriations abroad; and we have very good reason to be satisfied with the schedule as it is presented:

1. *Benevolent Objects.*		
Life-boat service on the coast......	$48,880	
Government Hospital for insane...	149,980	
Columbia Institution for Deaf and Dumb..........................	40,775	
Columbia Hospital for Women...	18,000	
National Association for Destitute Colored Women, District of Columbia........................	10,000	
National Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, District of Columbia.....	15,900	
Care of sixty transient paupers....	12,000	$294,635
2. *Education.*		
United States Bureau of Education.	$14,500	
Wilberforce and Lincoln Universities..........................	37,000	51,500
3. *Libraries.*		
Library of Congress.............	$36,000	
Medical Department, United States Army..........................	3,000	
Agricultural Department..........	3,800	42,800
4. *Museums.*		
National Museum, in charge of Smithsonian Institution......	$20,000	
Army Medical Museum............	5,000	
Agricultural Department Museum.	8,000	33,000
5. *Botanic Garden and Green-houses.*		
United States Capitol gardens.....	$35,996	
President's house................	2,500	
Agricultural Department..........	38,200	76,696
6. *Agriculture.*		
Department of Agriculture—miscellaneous expenses..............	$138,070	
(By adding items already given—green-houses, $38,200; Museum, $8,000; Library, $3,800 = $50,000—we have an aggregate of $188,070 for the Agricultural Department.)		138,070
7. *Astronomy and Meteorology.*		
Observations of eclipse, December, 1870, under Coast Survey.......	$29,000	
United States Nautical Almanac...	20,000	
National Observatory............	19,800	
New telescope for National Observatory..........................	50,000	
Telegraphic notices of storms.....	50,000	168,800
8. *Surveys, etc.*		
United States Coast Survey........	$703,000	
Survey of lakes..................	150,000	
Survey of Nicaragua and Tehuantepec ship canals..................	30,000	
Military survey west of the Mississippi..........................	100,000	
Professor Powell, survey of Colorado of the West..................	12,000	
Polar exploration under Captain Hall............................	50,000	
Dr. Hayden's geological survey....	25,000	
Statistics of mines and mining.....	10,000	1,080,000
9. *Light-house Establishment*.....		1,431,207
		$3,316,708

Excluding from the above enumeration, as may be considered proper by some, the appropriations for the United States Coast Survey, for the survey of the lakes, and for the light-house establishment, which may be regarded rather as aids to commerce and navigation than as especially tributary to science, and we have the sum of $1,032,721 for the general purposes of science, literature, art, education, public utility, etc.

It may be remembered by some of our readers that during the last session of Congress an appropriation of $29,000, to be expended in observations by the Coast Survey on the great solar eclipse of December 22, 1870, was made at the suggestion of the Hon. JOHN A. BINGHAM, of Ohio. Steps were taken at once by Professor PEIRCE, the Superintendent, to secure the most satisfactory results for this laudable appropriation, and an officer was sent by him to examine the principal places to be involved in the eclipse, in order to select from among them those most available for the purposes of the expedition. Two parties have been organized, each consisting of about twelve persons. One, under the direction of Professor PEIRCE himself, to observe in Sicily (Catania probably), while the other, under the direction of Professor WINLOCK, of Harvard Observatory, will proceed to Xeres or elsewhere in Spain. Nearly all the astronomers of the expedition took part in the observations of the eclipse of August, 1869, and consequently will be able to use their experience in studying the impending phenomenon. It is expected that observations will be made in all branches of science, those with the spectroscope having been arranged by Professor WINLOCK, assisted by Professors YOUNG and MORTON. Mr. RUTHERFORD, of New York, prepares the photographic apparatus for Professor PEIRCE's party, and Mr. HENRY FITZ, Jun., of New York, accompanies him, to superintend this portion of the work. Professor WINLOCK's party will have apparatus prepared by ALVAN CLARKE, of Cambridge, Mr. ALVAN CLARKE, Jun., assisting in the observations.

The polariscopic examinations will be made by Professor PICKERING, of Professor WINLOCK's party. The expedition will be accompanied by two officers of the United States Engineers, namely, Major ABBOT and Captain ERNST.

It is understood that Mr. NORMAN LOCKYER has accepted the warm invitation of Professor PEIRCE to accompany the expedition, which, therefore, will have the benefit of the presence of this eminent physicist.

Up to a very recent period it was supposed that no English expedition would be sent out, owing to the alleged refusal of the Admiralty to furnish a vessel for the transportation of the British *savans*, and it was expected that a number of them would take advantage of Professor PEIRCE's offers; but as it seems probable, after all, that the desired aid will be furnished, we presume that the representation from Great Britain in the American party will be quite limited.

The United States Naval Observatory has also organized two parties for a similar purpose. One of these, under the direction of Professor NEWCOMB, goes to Spain; the other, embracing Professor ASAPH HALL, Professor HARKNESS, and Professor EASTMAN, proceeding to Sicily.

A British vessel of war, recently touching at the Galapagos, reports that at the island of St. Charles the inhabitants, consisting of forty men and one woman, were habitually occupied in collecting orchilla-weed. Some thousands of cattle were running wild on the island, and birds were met with in great numbers. No large tortoises were seen, and it is probable that the gigantic race of these animals, formerly so well known to whalers, will soon be extinct, if not already so.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR IN FRANCE.

THERE has been no change in the aspect of affairs in and around Paris within the past week. It is reported from London that Paris has still plenty of provisions for two and a half months, bread for eight months, and wine and brandy for a year. The people are confident, and are busily engaged in erecting additional defenses on all sides. From Berlin, however, it is reported that large bodies of Parisians, and in some cases regular troops of the garrison at Paris, have approached the Prussian outposts and offered to surrender. Invariably, it is added, they have been turned back.

Various minor engagements are reported as having occurred in different parts of France, in which the advantage remained with the French. A recent German demonstration toward Gien and Montargis, on the eastern flank of the French, was met by the latter, and the Germans were obliged to change the plan of attack. A movement from the German right or west flank followed, with the view of overwhelming the French left, which was extended and too weak.

Frequent encounters are reported from Belgian sources between francs-tireurs and the German cavalry, or Uhlans, in which the latter have been worsted. About 1000 are said to have been driven by the French into Belgium, where they were promptly disarmed.

A successful sortie was made November 17 by the garrison at Montmédy, who inflicted a loss of 500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners upon the besieging forces, who have since withdrawn beyond the fire of the fortress.

Napoleon is said to have written to the provisional government urging resistance to any proposition to cede French territory to Germany. The London *Times* believes the restoration of the empire a possibility.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

The Eastern question is still threatening, though a peaceful solution is believed to be possible. Prussia has offered her good offices as a mediator between Russia and the other powers, but on what basis is not yet known.

News from San Domingo to November 9 says that Baez had defeated Cabral in a battle near the southwestern frontier. The Haytians were assisting the latter, in the hope of overthrowing Baez before the meeting of our Congress. Should San Domingo be annexed by the United States, it is said thousands of persons will emigrate thither from Central and South America.

The kingdom of Bavaria and the Grand Duchy of Baden have signified their adhesion to the North German Confederation.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* urges sending Mr. Bright as minister to Washington, in order to insure peaceful relations with the United States in the impending crisis.

There is armed opposition to the new king of Spain in Aragon, and serious trouble is anticipated.

The Russian press has been officially warned to avoid unfavorable criticism of Germany as against France, the interests of Russia being identified with those of Germany.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT the meeting of Congress this month the Senate has its full number of members for the first time since 1861.

Ex-Secretary W. H. Seward has been heard from in Pekin.

It is reported that E. M. Yerger, who killed Colonel Crane at Jacksonville, Mississippi, has recently had a second trial, and been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Thirty thousand seals had been captured near St. Paul and St. George islands, Alaska, up to the 10th of October, and 4000 more are expected before the season closes.

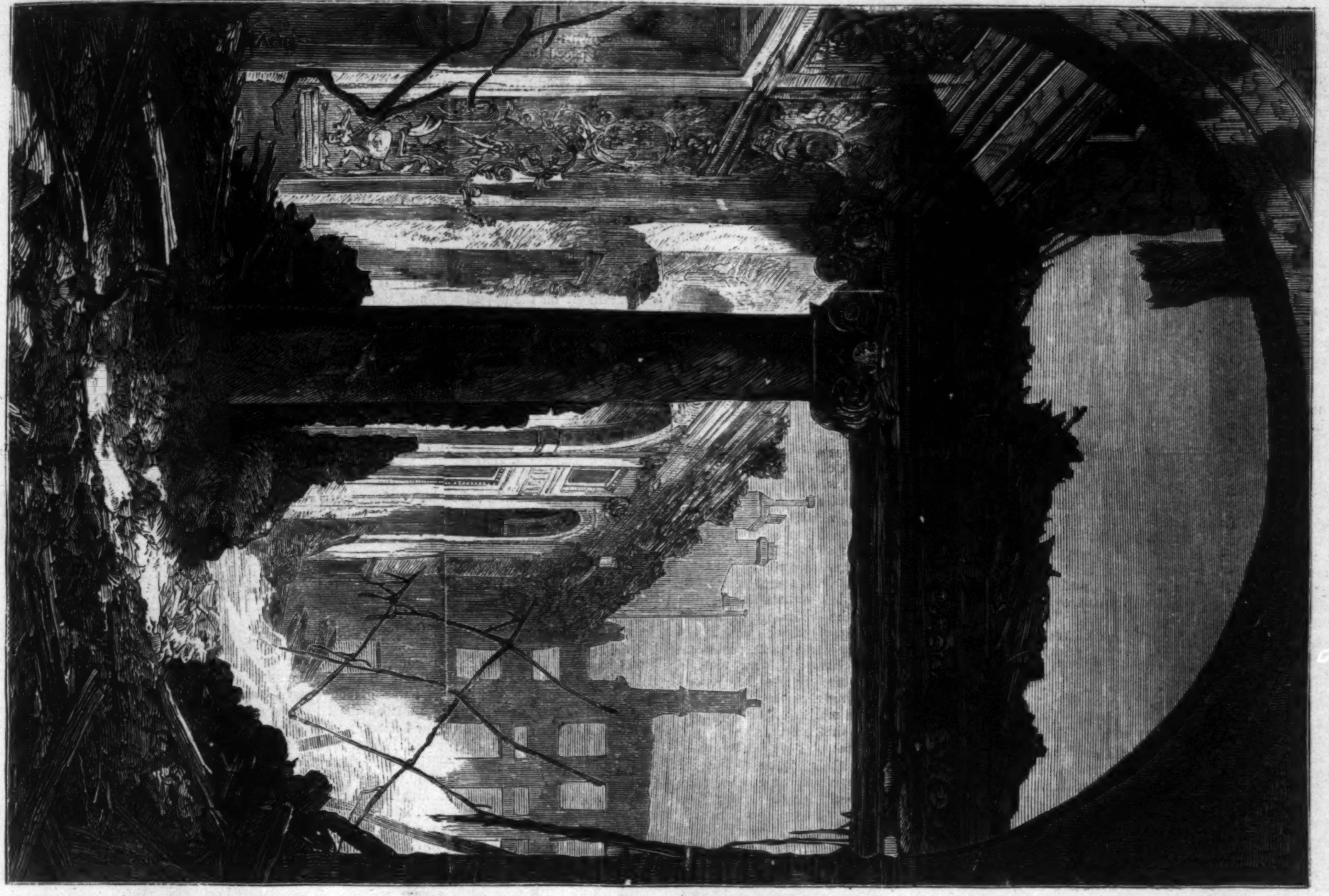
The United States Assistant Treasurer of New York has been ordered to sell $1,000,000 of gold on each Wednesday, and purchase $1,000,000 of bonds each Thursday, during the month of December.

Thirteen ships have loaded with wheat at Oakland, California, for European ports since August last.

General Halleck has been ordered to make such disposition of the troops now in Georgia as may be necessary to preserve the peace at the approaching elections.

The premium for Indian scalps has been raised from $200 to $300 in Sonora.

INSIDE PARIS.—WAITING TO BUY MEAT AT A BUTCHER'S SHOP.—[SEE PAGE 798.]



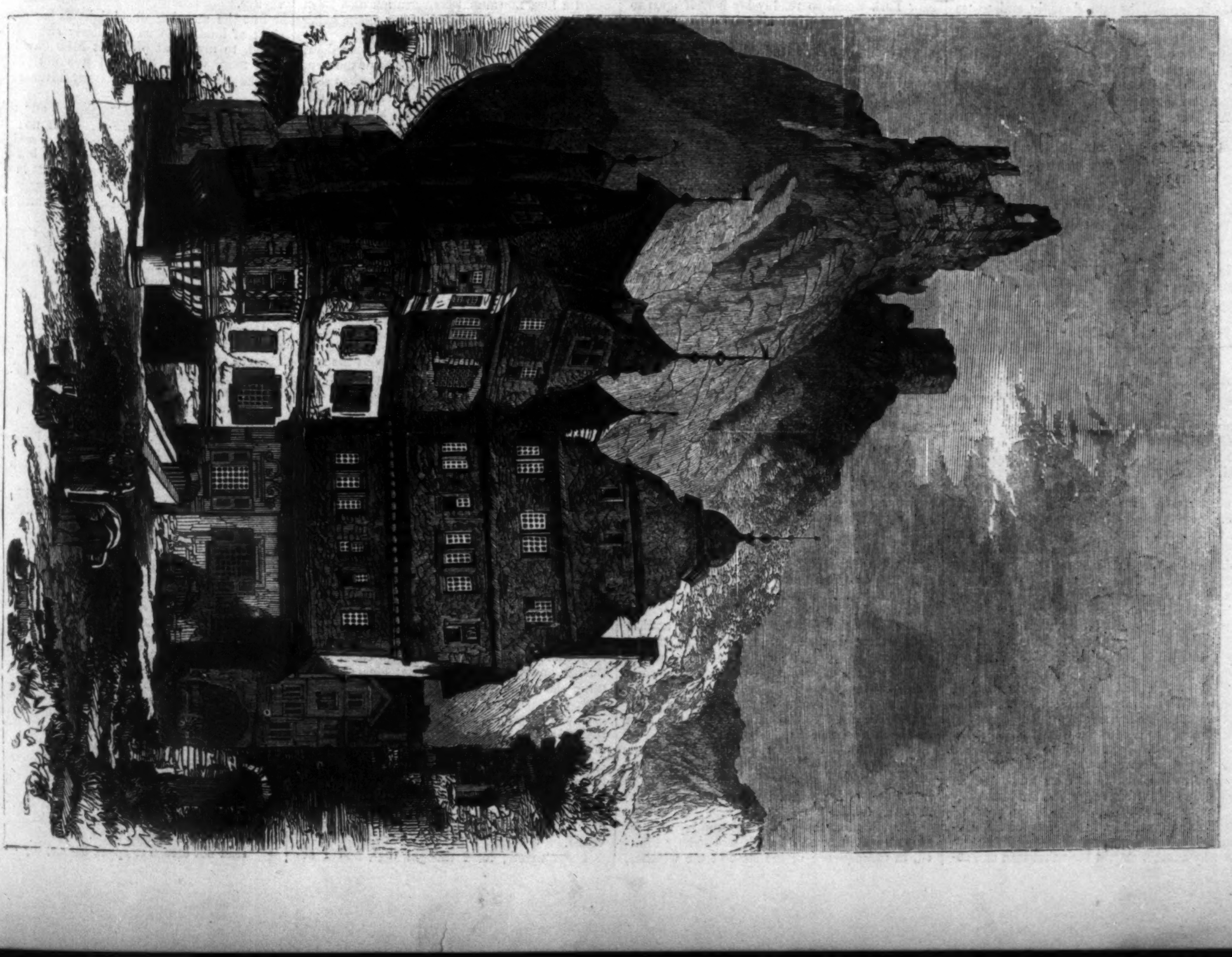
THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

THE RUINS OF ST. CLOUD.

The destruction of the magnificent palace of St. Cloud, which has so long been associated with the pride of the French monarchy in modern times, is much regretted by those who know Paris. The small town of St. Cloud takes its name from the hermit Clodoald, grandson of Clovis. The palace was originally built, in 1572, by a rich financier, named Jerome de Gondy; but it afterward became the mansion of the bishops of Paris, till, in 1658, it was purchased by Louis XIV., and presented to his brother, the Duke of Orleans. In 1782 it became the property of Louis XVI., who gave it to his queen, Marie Antoinette. It was the favorite residence of Napoleon I.; and it was here, in the Salle de l'Orangerie, that a celebrated historical transaction was performed, about seventy-one years ago—namely, on the 18th of Brumaire, in the revolutionary calendar, which means November 9, 1799. It was on that day that General Bonaparte, military commander of Paris, after his return from Egypt, played the part of Cromwell by dispersing the Council of Five Hundred with his soldiers' bayonets, upsetting the republican Directory, and making himself dictator under the title of First Consul. This coup d'état took place in the Salle de l'Orangerie at St. Cloud, to which the meeting of the council had been adjourned from Paris because of the turbulence of the city mob. The engraving will give the reader an idea of the completeness of the ruin which has befallen this splendid palace.

TRARBACH.

Trarbach is on the Moselle, in the Prussian Rhine Provinces, some sixty or seventy miles below Metz. It is in that portion of German territory coveted by the French, and would probably have changed hands at the end of this war if the fortunes of the campaign had been reversed. Its transferrence from Prussian to French rule is necessary to that "rectification of frontier" of which we have heard so much since 1866. Happily for the fifteen hundred honest, industrious, and peaceful inhabitants of this village, the tide of conflict has been turned in another direction, and Trarbach and its neighbors, who would have been certain to suffer at the very outset of the French invasion of Germany, are saved at the expense of the equally honest, industrious, and peaceful villages and peasantry of Northwestern France. Trarbach has seen enough of war in times past to satisfy it for the remainder of its existence. It stands in the midst of the old battle-ground of France and Germany, and, besides its tale of Franco-German war, it has wondrous narratives to relate of the quarrels of petty counts and territorial bishops. The village stands on the right bank of the Moselle, not more than five miles by road from the ancient city of Treves. Its situation is in the most beautiful part of the valley of the Moselle, where the scenery is scarcely less interesting than that on the Rhine. A great fire occurred in the little old town in the year 1857, and robbed the place of much of its quaintness.



THE OLD TOWN OF TRARBACH, ON THE MOSELLE.

The pile of civic buildings which forms the foreground of the picture on page 789 stands at the foot of the rocky heights which are crowned by the ruins of the old castle of Gräfinburg. That baronial fortress, whose broken walls present so weird and striking an appearance in the engraving, was built in 1338, and was for centuries the strongest castle between Treves and Coblentz. It belonged to the powerful counts of Sponheim, of whom remarkable stories are preserved in the locality.

On the left-hand side of the Moselle, directly opposite the castle whose ruins are depicted in the sketch, on the summit of a lofty hill, in the year 1681, the great military engineer, VAUBAN, erected for LOUIS XIV. of France a mighty fortress which completely commanded the passage of the Moselle. Like the seizure of Strasburg and Metz by the same country, this act of war was perpetrated in a time of peace, and the fortress was actually built on German territory. King LOUIS's excuse was a perfectly groundless claim to the domains of the Count of Sponheim, the lord of the opposite castle of Gräfinburg. As many as 8000 men were employed by VAUBAN in the construction of this fortress, and sixteen years afterward it was leveled to the ground in conformity with the terms of the treaty of Ryswick, the Duke of Marlborough having achieved great victories over the French forces during the long campaign which succeeded the general peace. The structure was called Fort Montroyal, of which the ruins still remain. There are, therefore, no longer any strong places in the immediate neighborhood of Trarbach; but the Prussian Rhine Provinces generally bristle with fortresses, and had NAPOLEON III. invaded that territory there would have been as many well-defended sieges as we have witnessed in France.

ATLANTIC MAIL—FIRST-CLASS.

As naturally as a steel needle flies to a magnet so have I felt always ready to hurry to the aid of a lady in distress. I do not say it vauntingly, nor put it forward as a virtue, for the act has generally been involuntary; and so it was one day last year, when, having seen my small quantity of personal luggage on board the great screw-liner lying at the wharf getting up her steam, ready for her race across the Atlantic, I was loafing about, watching with considerable amusement the arrival of passengers, for the most part excited, worried, and the prey of porters and cabmen, who seem to be troubled with no more perfections in Liverpool than in the metropolis. A lighted cigar was between my lips, and I was trying to enjoy it—for, judging from old experience of my sensations in a rough sea, I did not anticipate much comfort for the next two or three days at the least—when a very ordinary-looking man, evidently a commercial traveler for a cutting house, walked up and asked me for a light, staring at me the while in so offensive a manner that, as I handed my cigar, I glanced down at his left hand to see that it was not meddling with my watch-chain.

"Looks like a commercial, but may be a pick-pocket," I said—mentally, of course—while he puffed at his cigar, putting mine out in the process.

"Going across?" he said, abruptly, and, to use what would probably have been his expression, taking stock of me the while.

"Sir?"

"Going across the pond—*Helvellyn?*" he said again, coolly, and nodding his head toward the great steaming and snorting vessel.

"My cigar—thanks!" I said, in a tone meant to be perfectly Belgravian in its hauteur, as I turned aside; for I had met the appeal of a pair of dark eyes—a lady was in distress, and, between porters and baggage, apparently perfectly bewildered.

"Are you going on board?" I asked.

"Yes, oh yes," said the owner of the eyes, eagerly. "Are you connected with the steamer, Sir?"

"Er—no, not exactly," I said, taken somewhat aback; and I felt disposed to say, "Do I look as if I was?"—"Allow me, though—these men!"

"Yes, yes," said the lady; "they ask six shillings for bringing my luggage from the station. Is it correct?"

"Absurd! No," I said; "half a crown is ample." And, espousing the lady's cause, I dismissed the ravenous monsters who prey upon the unprotected, and then sent her luggage on board the *Helvellyn*, casting more than once a glance aside to see that my new acquaintance was tall, with handsome, well-marked features, very lady-like, and dressed in the first fashion.

"Seems odd," I thought, "traveling quite alone. Strong-minded woman, perhaps."

But this latter thought was set aside the next moment as I handed her along the gangway; for there was a quiet, earnest, trusting look in her dark eyes; and the answers she gave to my entreaties that she would not be alarmed at the rushing water, the uneasy motion of the steamer, and the pushing, excited crowd, were grateful in the extreme. I felt flattered, and not at all sorry that such a companion was to share my voyage.

"If you would lead me to the cabin where I could see the stewardess," she said, and I immediately handed her to the saloon door, where she turned frankly to hold out a well-gloved though rather large hand. "I am indeed much obliged. I am obliged to travel alone; but my husband will meet me on landing at New York, and he will, I know, be extremely grateful for your kindness."

The next moment I was standing alone, confounding her husband, and appealing to fate to know why another should have first seen and secured about the only woman who seemed likely to form an agreeable sharer of my pilgrimage through life.

"Nice to be a young, smart-looking fellow," said a voice; and, turning, there stood the bagman, puffing away at his cigar, and staring at me with all his might, though, probably from business habit, he was referring from time to time to a pocket-book he held in his hands. "Now, you know, I never make an impression like that on a lady. I never find the sex asking my protection, and all that sort of thing. Very nice, though, I should think, isn't it?"

He accompanied his last words with the slightest approach to a wink; and closing the book he poked me with it in the side; when I felt so annoyed that I angrily turned upon my heel and walked to the side, watching the arrival of late passengers; but to my great disgust he followed me, and, heedless of my frowning looks, continued his scrutiny.

I tried very hard to get rid of him, but snubbing was thrown away. Apparently he could not understand that his conduct was obtrusive; and at last, making a virtue of necessity, I suffered him, and he literally hooked himself on to me.

But all the same he seemed to have a shrewd business eye; and while carefully keeping close to me he scrutinized all who came on board till the time for starting had arrived. The cables were cast loose, the screw revolved slowly, then stopped, then revolved again, and the vessel began grandly to move forward, the passengers waving their adieus as they clustered by the side. Then once more the bagman stared me full in the face, looked undecided, walked through the throng on deck, got in the sailors' way, stared in face after face, as a dog would who sought his master, and then, in the same undecided manner, returned to me, and stopped by my side, as if about to speak; but directly after he checked himself, and drew out another cigar.

"How very soon the motion of the vessel begins to affect you!" he said, with a smile.

"Affects you, you mean," I replied.

"Yes, exactly. Curious, though, ain't it? Seems as if Nature never meant us to leave the land of our fathers—the place of our birth, as the song says, eh? Ever been across before?"

"Yes, twice," I said, sharply; and then I walked away, for now, closely veiled, I had seen the figure of my lady friend emerging from the saloon door; and upon my going up, and asking concerning her welfare, she made no demur about taking my arm and walking up and down the deck.

I must confess that I thought very little of the scene around, though I kept, on the strength of old recollections, pointing out the various familiar objects we were passing; for I had the idea in my head that the remark my companion had made was not the truth; in short, I did not believe that there would be any husband awaiting her upon the quay at New York, and that after all it was but a bold subterfuge by which a single and unprotected woman wished to shroud herself in the respect paid to the married of her sex.

That she was respectable was undoubted; but there was a timid, shrinking way about her, so different from the quiet, calm self-possession of a married lady; and I felt assured that no one whose husband awaited her upon the quay at New York would so readily lay herself open to remark by accepting my arm upon so short an acquaintance.

"Is—is that a—a friend of yours?" suddenly asked my companion.

"Friend?—friend of mine?" I said, in a puzzled way. "No; I have no friends on board—at least, only one, I hope," I added, meaningly.

"I—I thank you," was the hesitating reply, in the most gentle of tones. "Compelled as we are to rely upon the society of so few during a sea-voyage, friendships do soon spring up."

"But to whom were you alluding?" I said.

"Oh, it is nothing. I—but I am very weak and foolish—I fancied that the man, the gentleman you were speaking to, was watching us rather particularly."

"Yes, yes, I dare say. I think, though, it is his habit. He looked just as earnestly at me a short time ago, and he has been staring at every one in turn. You don't think he is looking after a runaway young lady, do you?" I added, laughing.

In an instant my arm was dropped, and though the veil was down, my companion's eyes seemed to flash fire as she half turned round toward me.

I never professed to be very penetrating, but I was keen enough to see that I had touched upon a chord which kept bent the two ends of a bow of mystery. I saw too that, but for careful management, the advance I had made in the good graces of an admirable woman would be destroyed in an instant.

"Pray excuse my impertinent remark," I exclaimed, eagerly. "The words were meaningless, and uttered without forethought."

My companion, apparently reassured, took my arm once more, and uttered a little low laugh.

"Meaningless, indeed; but for a moment I thought—"

She did not finish her sentence; for at that moment my commercial acquaintance passed close by us, gave me a familiar nod and a smile, wafted a cloud of smoke into the lady's face, and walked on.

"Such consummate impertinence!" I said. "You would hardly think that I had never seen that man before to-day."

"Acquaintanceships do spring up rather rapidly sometimes," was the meaning reply; and I glanced down, but the speaker's head was slightly averted, and it seemed to me that she spoke in husky tones.

For the next three days the number of passengers who showed on deck was strictly limited, in consequence of the state of the weather, and really the offices of steward and stewardess could have been no sinecure. For my part, I can only own to being qualmish on the second day, and I paced the deck hopefully in anticipation of the advent of my lady friend. But go on deck when I would I was certain to encounter the cool, easy-assured nod of the bagman, whose consumption of cigars must have been something enormous. He was as free and obtrusive as ever; but one evening, just as it was turning dark, I had the pleasure of smoking my pipe in peace; for I saw him in deep conversation with a man I had hardly noticed before, from the fact of his being one of the second-class passengers.

To my great astonishment, though, after I had gone into the saloon, the bagman came strolling in, followed, a short time after, by the man to whom he had been speaking; and this latter seated himself on the opposite side of the table in an abstracted manner, sat thinking for a while, and then slowly walked past me and out of the saloon door, softly shaking his head.

The next two days passed pleasantly enough; for, though unwilling to come on deck, the lady passenger was nearly recovered, and many a pleasant *tête-à-tête* I enjoyed. I found her most lady-like, and thoroughly well informed; while, as our acquaintance warmed, if I may use the term, into something that was at least friendship, I was delighted to find that mine had indeed been a true surmise; for she confessed to having determined to travel as Mrs. Saville, there being no husband to meet her at New York, only a brother.

Perhaps I did plume myself upon my shrewdness; at all events, that night, after winning from her so singular an avowal, I was considerably elated. I listened that evening to the remarks of a passenger respecting the tedium of the trip with a sense of lofty contempt; for I began to feel that I was very far gone, and the Atlantic seemed to me the brightest of seas, overborne by the bluest of skies. I was, in fact, in such a state of ecstasy that I went on deck to look up at the stars for an hour before seeking my berth; for Miss Saville—Saville! what an old and aristocratic name!—Miss Saville had retired, or how glorious it would have been, in that clear, diamond-illumined night, to have watched the sparkling of the spray, and—

Was I mistaken? Had she not parted from me a quarter of an hour before to retire to rest? and now this veiled figure that glided by me in the darkness, was not this she?

Impossible! I laughed the next moment; for I knew that my mind was full of one form, and that in the hasty glimpse I had obtained I had invested another with the attributes of her I loved.

Yes; her I loved. I was ready to own it now; and I leaned thoughtfully over the bulwark, going over the incidents of the past day or so, and making up my mind as to my future proceedings; for I had not lost all feeling of prudence. I wanted to know something of the lady's antecedents and connections—matters that I concluded could easily be arrived at in conversation the next day.

I was standing quite in the shadow beneath one of the quarter-boats, and I had just turned, with the intention of descending, when some one passed me whom I recognized to be the second-class passenger; and then for a few moments I heard a low, murmured conversation at a short distance, when the man passed me again, going forward.

Five minutes after I was at the saloon door, when a hearty clap on the shoulder made me turn, to find that it was the bagman, who laughed softly at my angry face, and then added to his former obtrusiveness by thrusting his hand into my side, as he whispered to me,

"I say, my lad, I'm going to open your eyes for you to-morrow, so look out. There, don't be uppish; come and have a cigar up in the bows—just one before you turn in."

"I am much obliged," I said; "but I am going to my berth."

"Just as you like," was the nonchalant reply, and he turned away.

"Let me see," said the captain, at breakfast next morning; "where's my friend who sits third down on the left—Mr. Lister? Steward, go and see if Mr. Lister is unwell again—no, not again, because he seemed to be an old sailor—see if he's in his cabin."

The steward returned with a reply in the negative; when, supposing him to be on deck, the breakfast was brought to an end, and Mr. Lister, or, as I called him, the bagman, was forgotten.

The day passed and evening had arrived, when, as I was sitting in sweet intercourse with Miss Saville, Rumor's busy tongues began to announce that Mr. Lister was missing.

I immediately recalled his promise to open my eyes that day, and also that he had invited me to go forward with him to smoke a cigar; and, I knew not why, a strange feeling of interest made me leave my seat, apologize to Miss Saville, who bowed stiffly and went below, while I walked forward to a group, to find the subject in full discussion. Two of the watch had seen him go forward with a lighted cigar between his lips, and perch himself close to the bowsprit; but they could not recollect seeing him come back, though one man had some faint idea of something black coming close by him, but he was not sure.

More excited groups formed, and I soon found that search had been made through the steamer, and that the captain was in great trouble respecting the missing man; for all pointed to one fact—that the poor fellow had chosen a dangerous position, and had, without giving the alarm, slipped and fallen into the sea, to be borne under in an instant by the huge cut-water of the vessel.

I shuddered; for I thought that, had I accepted his invitation, I might have seen him fall, and, if powerless to stay him, still have given the alarm, perhaps in time for a boat to have been launched.

"Can any gentleman afford any information?" said the captain, addressing the group where I stood.

"I can only add," I said, "the corroborative testimony that Mr. Lister invited me to go forward with him, but I declined."

"You did not go forward with him?" said the captain.

"No," I replied; "and I have no recollection of seeing him come back into the saloon. But stop," I said, for I had suddenly encountered a close, searching gaze directed at me; "there is a gentleman here who was talking to Mr. Lister late last night." And I pointed to the second-class passenger.

"How do you know?" he said, calmly, regardless of the many eyes fixed upon him.

"Because I stood by one of the quarter-boats when you came aft to speak to him, and I also saw you go back."

"Quite right," said the second-class passenger.

"Did you know Mr. Lister?" said the captain.

"Yes, I knew him," said the other, calmly.

"There seems to be some mystery here," said the captain. "Was he a friend of yours?"

"Yes," was the almost abrupt reply; and then, after a moment's silence, the second-class passenger walked quietly up to the captain, took him by a button, led him apart, and whispered a few words in his ear.

I saw the captain give a slight start, stare hard at the man, and then apparently ask a question, when, whatever was the answer, he seemed satisfied, and gave orders for a farther search; which was, however, futile.

I was not alone in directing curious glances at the second-class passenger; but he was a quiet, dry-looking, close-shaven man, with an apparent power of shutting himself up within himself; and he paced the deck to and fro, with his hands behind him, in a furtive, thoughtful way, till all searching was at an end, and the conclusion arrived at that our luckless fellow-passenger had met his fate.

I noticed that the quiet man's eyes were fixed on me as I went to the saloon; and on going to where Miss Saville was seated a strange feeling made me turn my head for an instant, to see that he was watching me from the door; but he disappeared on the instant.

Full of the event, I was about to tell all I knew to my companion; but with a show of real horror she held up her hands, begging me to forbear.

"It is too dreadful!" she exclaimed; "I can not bear it. I know all—I have heard all. Poor man! here and in health last night, and now—pray, pray say no more about it."

She was excessively pale and agitated; so much so, indeed, that I summoned the steward to bring wine, for I was afraid the poor girl would faint; and she drank a glass with avidity, shuddering afterward, while the cold perspiration stood in beads upon her forehead.

I proposed a walk on deck, but it was declined; and, to my great sorrow, the shock had such an effect upon her that she was confined to the cabin to the end of our rather protracted voyage.

But the morning was bright as we came in sight of land; and as we slowly steamed in I found, to my great joy, that Miss Saville was once more visible, though I was not prepared for the constraint with which my advances were met.

I asked myself had I neglected any thing; had I fallen off in warmth. But no; lover could not have been more attentive or assiduous as to her welfare. I felt wounded; but I was determined not to show it, and, almost in opposition to her wishes, I saw to her luggage, and, brother or no brother waiting, determined to see her to her home.

I was ready to upbraid her with coquetry; but I refrained, feeling that it was possible she had taken my attentions as being merely intended to last the voyage; and at last, cold and constrained, we stood close together, for in another ten minutes we should be debarking.

Happening to gaze round, I suddenly became aware of the second-class passenger standing close at my elbow, and I could not avoid a start—one which made Miss Saville turn wonderingly to me, at the same time holding her veil closely to her face, for the breeze was rather brisk.

"It was nothing," I said; "but pray, Miss Saville, allow me to carry that bag; it seems heavy." And I pointed to the little black traveling-bag she carried in her hand.

"No, no, I thank you, no," she said; "indeed, Sir, I can dispense with your offers of service."

"As you please, madam," I said, sharply; for there was a harshness in her voice that jarred bitterly, and I felt that it was undeserved.

"Let me carry it, Frank Smith," said a grating voice, that had a saw-sharpening sound in its cutting tones. And in a moment the bag was wrested from Miss Saville's hand and thrown heavily upon the deck. Then followed a sudden scuffle, and I saw her bounce back against the bulwark, and the same grating voice exclaimed, "Stay your hand, or, by God, Sir, I'll fire!"

There was a swaying about, a sharp struggle, and I was about to throw myself upon the second-class passenger—a ruffian who was committing an outrageous assault upon my fellow-passenger—when a strong hand dragged me back, just as there arose a sharp "click-click," and, dizzy with surprise, I saw the wretch drag a revolver from Miss Saville's fettered hand as she lay torn and disheveled upon the deck.

"Had not breath to speak before, my friend,"

said the second-class passenger, panting, as he rose from one knee; "but, for your information, Mr. Frank Smith, I hold a warrant for your apprehension. Bank robbery, gentlemen; cool twenty thousand; but I'm in hopes it is all here." And he took up the bag that lay upon the deck.

"Stand up, Sir," he said the next minute, as he assisted his prisoner to rise, and tore off the veil. "Very clever, very well done, indeed, this false hair; and the chignon is very becoming, Sir. I must do you the credit of saying that you took me in, while poor Matthews hadn't a suspicion, but was rather down on your friend."

"Take me out of this," said a hoarse voice. And I would have turned and fled, but I felt myself wedged in among the crowd; for it seemed impossible that the flushed face, veined and knotted with disappointment and rage, could have been that which had deluded me through the voyage.

"All right, Sir, as soon as we can get an officer from the shore. But there, you need not mind for a few minutes."

"Take me below, officer," was the husky, imploring petition next uttered; and the officer was about yielding, when a passenger exclaimed,

"But are you sure you are right, officer?"

"Right, Sir? Yes, I'm right enough, and I hope there's nothing blacker against him, for there is the death of my poor mate to clear up yet. It seems strange that he should disappear the very night that our friend here suspected that he was found out; and it seems stranger still that he should have settled down so quietly after, and never show at all when the officer who suspected him was gone, for he did not know I was on board."

I glanced once more at the deathly pale face as the detective led his prisoner below; and then, giddy with the rush of thought through my brain, I made my way back to my cabin to stay till the other passengers were ashore, when I hastened to an hotel, but not, as I had hoped, unseen, for I encountered the officer just returning from placing his prisoner in security.

He took me by the button, as he had seized the captain, and held me for a few moments.

"There, you need not be ashamed of it, young man," he said, with a dry smile; "he's got about as womanish a face as ever I saw, and his disguise was as clever as it was possible to be. I was hard pushed, but I felt pretty sure, and at the last I got one look that settled it. There's a resemblance between you that, had he put on a good beard, would have made him look a deal like you, and it was that which made my poor mate have his suspicions of some one else; but, any how, fourteen years will make him rather different, and he won't come the petticoats again."

"Fourteen years!" I said.

"Yes, perhaps more; for it's a bad case—confidential clerk."

We parted, and I saw no more of the police-officer. From the report of the trial, though, I learned that the police had certain information that the culprit would sail from Liverpool in the *Helvellyn*, though his disguise had been *nearly* clever enough to throw dust in the keen eyes of every one. I was only twenty then—a fact which I plead as an excuse for my want of discernment; and no doubt I formed in the culprit's eyes a capital screen, and one which would make it almost impossible for his sex to be for an instant doubted.

The sergeant was right; the prisoner was brought back to the scene of his depredations, and fourteen years' penal servitude was his award. As to the work of that dark night—whether Sergeant Matthews, otherwise Mr. Lister, met with foul play, and was sent to his death by a push in the dark—the mystery, if mystery there was, lay a secret between Frank Smith, prisoner at the bar, and him who was forever dumb.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

MUCH as we have to say concerning "sensation preaching" nowadays, it is quite certain that nothing ever meets the eyes or greets the ears of a modern audience at all to be compared with the extravagant performances of some of the elder preachers. Many of their peculiarities were no doubt mere modes of expression current at the time; but a good deal of their extravagance also was buffoonery or violence of manner. What should we say, for example, of a preacher now who should so exhaust himself by the vehemence of his declamation that he should be obliged to stop several times during his sermon to recruit himself with wine, as it is related of a canon of Seville, preacher to Charles the Fifth? We read of some preachers who indulged in grimaces and extravagance of deportment, or of others who went just as far the other way, affecting monotony and measured movement in all things, and fixing the exact passage beforehand when they would cough. Peignot professes to have seen the manuscripts of a preacher, on the margin of which were directions, thus: "Sit down; stand up; here you must use your handkerchief; here you must roar *en diable*," etc.

It was to the demonstrative kind that Balzac referred when he makes an old doctor advise a young man concerning preaching as follows:

"Shake the church all over, look at the crucifix in a frenzied manner, say nothing to the purpose, and you will preach well."

The strange folly and buffoonery both of manner and matter which were so habitual as to pass without reproach, may be illustrated by an anecdote or two. Here is one related by Peignot, for the truth of which he does not vouch, but which is by no means too strange to be believed:

"A monk, preaching on the Nativity, remarked that the cock was the first to announce in the morning the great event, by singing, 'Christ is born, Christ is born,' '*Christus natus est*,' and in repeating the Latin words the monk imitated the crowing of a cock; 'then,' continued he, 'the ox, impatient to know where Christ was born, cried out, "Where, where?" "*Ubi, ubi?*"' and again he imitated with the Latin the deep low of the ox; to this question of the ox, the preacher said the sheep made answer, '*In Bethlehem, in Bethlehem;*' and so saying, he bleated like a sheep; finally the ass invited all to repair to the place by braying out, 'Let us go, let us go, let us go,' '*Eamus, eamus, eamus;*' and it was in the braying of the ass that the preacher surpassed himself."

The Father Honoré, however, a celebrated Capuchin of the seventeenth century, cast these performances far in the shade. Once, when he was preaching on the vanity of the world, he suddenly produced a skull, which he held up to view. "Speak!" he cried; "were you not, perhaps, the head of magistrate? Silence gives consent." Then, clapping upon the skull the cap of a judge, he continued: "Ah ha! hast thou never sold justice for gold? hast thou not been snoring many times during a hearing?" etc., etc. "How many magistrates have sat under the fleur-de-lis only to put virtue at a disadvantage?" Casting aside the skull, he held up another, which in like manner he addressed: "Wast thou not, perhaps, the skull of one of those beautiful ladies who occupy themselves only with catching hearts, after the manner of bird-catching?" Then, arraying it in a head-dress, he continued: "Ah ha! empty head! Where are those lovely eyes, which cast such fascinating glances? that pretty mouth, which shaped such gracious smiles, that made so many unhappy ones to weep in hell? Where are those teeth, which chewed upon so many hearts, only to make them the more tender for the devil's eating?" etc., etc. "Thus most invectively he pierceth through the body of the country, city, court," bringing forth skull after skull, and appropriately decking them to receive his reproofs. The Father Honoré is said to have been a very popular and successful preacher in spite of his harsh voice. Bourdaloue said of him, "He grates on the ear, but he rends the heart."

A still more astonishing performance is related of Brydaine, a powerful preacher of the first half of the last century. He caused himself to be led into the church by his valet with a cord about his neck, like a victim endeavoring to win the pity of God. The good women were frightened lest he should be strangled. Then, mounting the pulpit and beginning his discourse, he suddenly disappeared; while the people were fearing that he was precipitated into the abyss he caused his voice to echo forth mournfully, acting the part of a condemned soul which the devils were loading with their chains.

Sometimes this pulpit-acting availed itself of additional means of dramatic effect. In a sermon upon the Last Judgment a preacher was speaking of the frightful alarum of trumpets which would wake up the dead at the end of the world. "Yes," he cried, "you will hear them, sinners, when you least think of it; perhaps to-morrow—why do I say to-morrow?—perhaps at this instant." At that moment the horrible clang of a dozen trumpets, which the preacher had secretly placed in the nave, rang through the church.

As a specimen of eloquence take this stirring passage from Father Jacques Brydaine, of the last century: "On what, my brothers, do you rest your confidence that your last day is yet so far? Is it on your youth? Yes, you say; I have yet only twenty or thirty years behind me. Ah! you are misled and deceived. It is not you, but Death, who has twenty or thirty years behind him; thirty years of grace which God has accorded to you, which you owe to him, and which have brought you just so much nearer to the day when Death must claim you. Keep the soul ready, therefore; eternity marks already on your brow the moment when it shall begin for you. Oh! do you know what eternity is? It is a clock whose pendulum utters evermore only these two words in the silence of the tomb: forever, never! never, forever! and forever! During these frightful vibrations a lost soul cries out, 'What time is it?' and another wretched brother answers, 'Eternity.'" History preserves the tradition of the terrific effect upon the congregation of this solemn appeal, delivered with the preacher's resounding voice and his impetuosity of manner. If report speaks truly of the stifled cries and deep murmurs which arose all over the church when he preached he must have been a mighty preacher. He used common and popular images to illustrate the loftiest ideas; and it was his habit to preach in the early evening, just at the coming on of night, which no doubt added power to his words. The passage quoted above doubtlessly furnished Longfellow with the text for "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

Among the many good things told of Swift, by-the-way, this deserves a place. Preaching once on pride, he said: "My dear hearers, there are four kinds of pride—pride of birth, pride of fortune, pride of beauty, and pride of intellect. I will speak to you of the first three; as for the fourth, I shall say nothing of that, there being no one among you who can possibly be accused of this reprehensible fault."

A preacher in a church where it was the custom to place the men on one side and the women on the other had the hardihood to display his wit at the expense of the fair sex. He was complaining of a noise which disturbed him, when a woman, mindful of the credit of her sex, spoke aloud to assure him that the interruption did not come from their side. "So much the better, my dear, so much the better," said the preacher; "it will end the sooner."

A preacher, according to a story in Peignot, devoted this brusque and uncivil passage to the nobility. He describes a scene before the gate of heaven: "A duchess knocks at the gate. St. Peter asks, 'Who is there?' The duchess answers, 'It is I, madame the duchess.' 'What!' says St. Peter, 'madame the duchess who goes to the ball? Madame the duchess who goes to the opera? Madame the duchess who has gallants? Madame the duchess who paints her face? To the devil, to the devil, madame the duchess!' and he shuts the gate on her nose."

EXTINCT HOUSES.

WHAT has become of the children of all the extinct royal houses? If we suppose—which is not very unreasonable—two children to every man, we get a geometrical progression in the number of their descendants. Taking the Carlovingian dynasty, for example, which got sent about their private business in the year 987, the last two sons found an asylum in Germany. Each of these may have been the father of thirty generations; and there might be now, had not wars and famine interposed, upward of a thousand millions—as any one may calculate—of lineal descendants of the last Carlovingian king. In other words, under peaceful conditions, it would take a single pair only thirty-one generations, or less than a thousand years, to people the whole world as it is now peopled. Of course, all these calculations are upset by war, famine, pestilence, and ignorance of hygiene. Still, with all deductions, is it not obvious that the blood of any given man must, after many generations, be flowing in the veins of millions of people? Another way to look at it is Southey's. He said, humorously, that since every man has two progenitors, four grand-progenitors, eight *atavi*, sixteen *abavi*, and so forth, he himself must have had, in the reign of King John, all England for his ancestors. As a matter of fact, from Southey to King John there were twenty generations, which give a million as the number of his ancestors at the time, or about a third of the whole population of King John's England. It is, however, quite obvious that, while the blood of the two Carlovingian princes may possibly be found in every German soldier now before Paris, it takes an immense number of ancestors, even correcting for kinship, to make one man, after twenty generations or so. And it is a consolatory reflection to those who unfortunately have forgotten their own grandfathers, that, among all their countless ancestors, some, at least, must have been kings; and among their countless descendants some, at least, will be known to the world. How pleasant, after spending a lifetime in searching among mute, inglorious village registers, to find yourself descended from a brother of Shakspeare, or a cousin of Milton, or one of the many children, say, of Charles II.! And, quoting your own case, how it would fortify your belief in the hereditary nature of genius!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE NEW PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Ask no woman her age. Never joke with a policeman. Do not play at chess with a widow. Never contradict a man who stutters. Be civil to rich uncles and aunts. Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party. Always sit next the carver, if you can, at dinner. Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers. Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, minutely examining whether you are fast or slow. Make friends with the steward on board a steamer; there's no knowing how soon you may be in his power.

A medical student says he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know whether it is not situated very near the jaw-bone.

"I will forfeit my head if you are not wrong," exclaimed a vehement United States Senator to President Lincoln in an argument. "I accept," replied the President; "any trifle among friends has a value."

Somebody who has been studying Webster's new "unabridged" dictionary expresses a regret that the lexicographer's definition of the word "boil" had not met the eyes of the new-version people before they translated the Book of Job, as it would have been so beautiful to say, instead of boils, "And Satan smote Job with circumscribed subcutaneous inflammations, characterized by pointed pustular tumors, and suppurating with central cores."

A boy being praised for shrewdness in replying, a person remarked that when children were sharp it frequently turned out that in after-life they became dull and stupid, and *vice versa*. "You must have been a very sensible child, Sir, I should think," rejoined the boy.

A humorous man being subpœnaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for browbeating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered, "Just four feet five inches and a half."—"How come you to be so very exact?" said the counsel. "Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and so I measured it."

A Western Cornelia thus maternally addresses her eldest jewel: "My daughter, you are now fifteen years of age, engaged to be married, and without a freckle on your face. I have done my duty."

A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or, if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Two black eyes, is the ready answer.

Saw-dust pills, says an old physician, would effectually cure many of the diseases with which mankind is afflicted if every patient would make his own saw-dust.

An Albany damsel asked one of her fellow-boarders, a stylish dry-goods clerk, at the breakfast-table, "Why is your mustache like my back hair?" He blushingly gave it up, when the answer caused him to blush still more: "Because it's all down!"

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my dear." "Then why did you tell Anne this morning to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

A Boston teacher asked a new boy who made the glorious universe, but the boy couldn't tell; so the teacher got a rawhide, and told the boy if he didn't tell he would whip him. The boy looked at the whip, and sniveled out: "Please, Sir, I did, but I won't do it again!" The teacher fainted.

"Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry you can't dine with me to-day." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with you?" said the astonished Phil. "Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

An Irish soldier, who had been abroad, being asked if he met with much hospitality where he had been, "Oh yes," replied he, "too much; I was in the hospital almost all the time I was there."

The teeth of a certain talkative lady being loose, she asked a gentleman if he could explain the cause of it. He replied that it proceeded from the violent shocks she gave them with her tongue.

A COOL PROCEEDING—Skating.

"A lass I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

An old bachelor says that giving the ballot to women would not amount to any thing practically, because they would keep denying they were old enough to vote until they got to be too old to take any interest in politics.

Pickpockets only gather crowds to dispurse them.

Mr. Green sued a lady for breach of promise. Her friends offered to settle it for two hundred dollars. "What!" cried Green, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a shattered mind, a blasted life, and a bleeding heart? Two hundred dollars for all this? Never! never! never! Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!"

A gentleman once advertised for a valet who did not mind confinement, and who had lived some time in his last place. He was applied to by a person who had borne confinement in his last place for several years. His last place was in Sing Sing.

A school-boy going out of the play-ground without leave, one of his masters called after him, and inquired where he was going. "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a half-penny," replied the youngster.

An Irish car-driver having driven a gentleman a long stage during a storm of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?" "Arrah, I don't care about being wet; but, plase yer honor, I'm very dry."

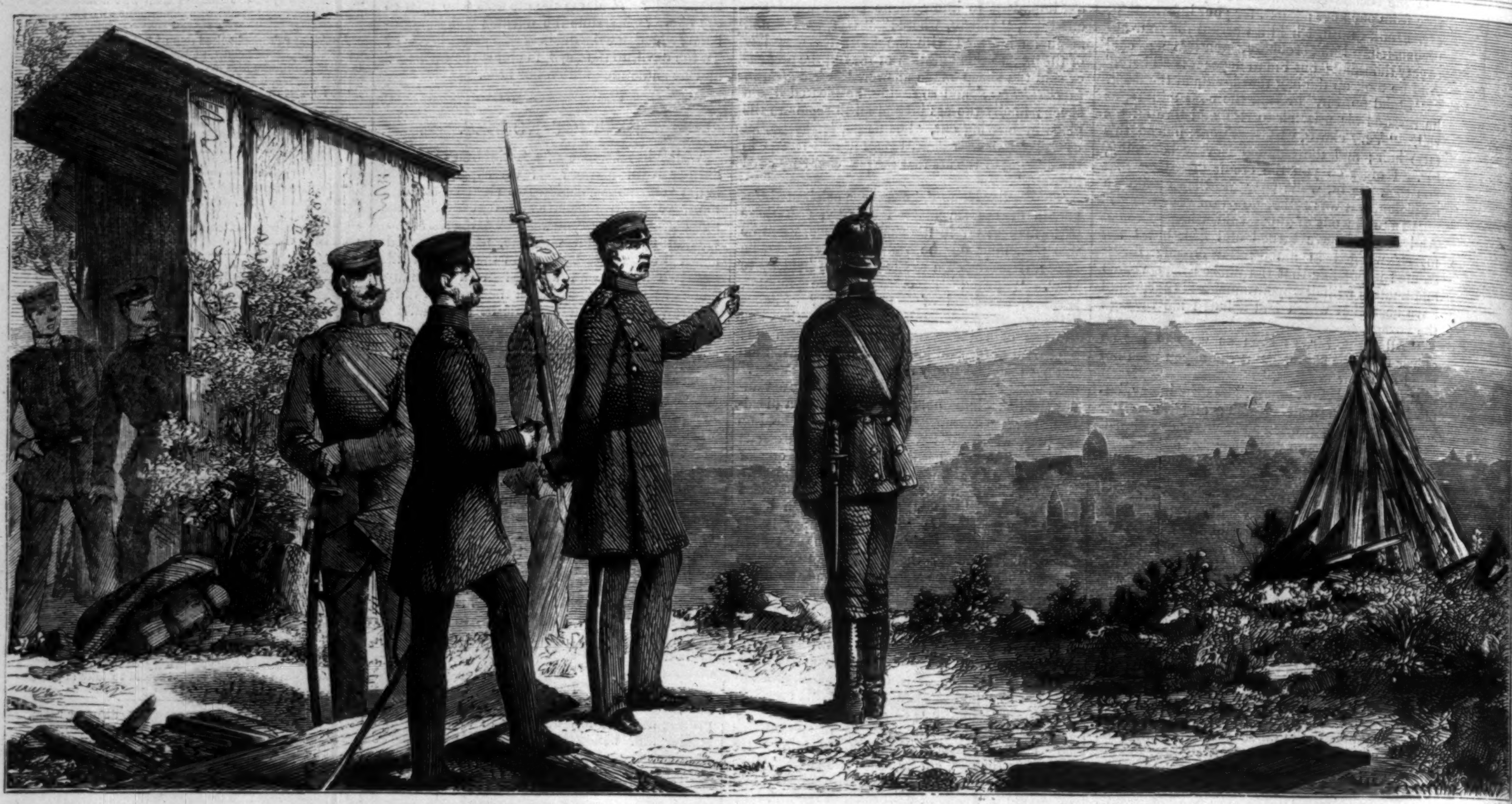
TO PREVENT HAIR FROM FALLING OFF—Go to the barber's and have it cut.

A family in Edinburgh, not keeping a footman, engaged a Highlander to serve them during a visit from a man of fashion. Dinner having waited an unreasonable time one day for the guest, Duncan was sent into his room to inform him that it was on the table. But he not coming, Duncan was sent again; still they waited, and the lady at last said to the man, "What can the gentleman be doing?" "Please ye, madam," said Duncan, "the gentleman was only sharpening his teeth."

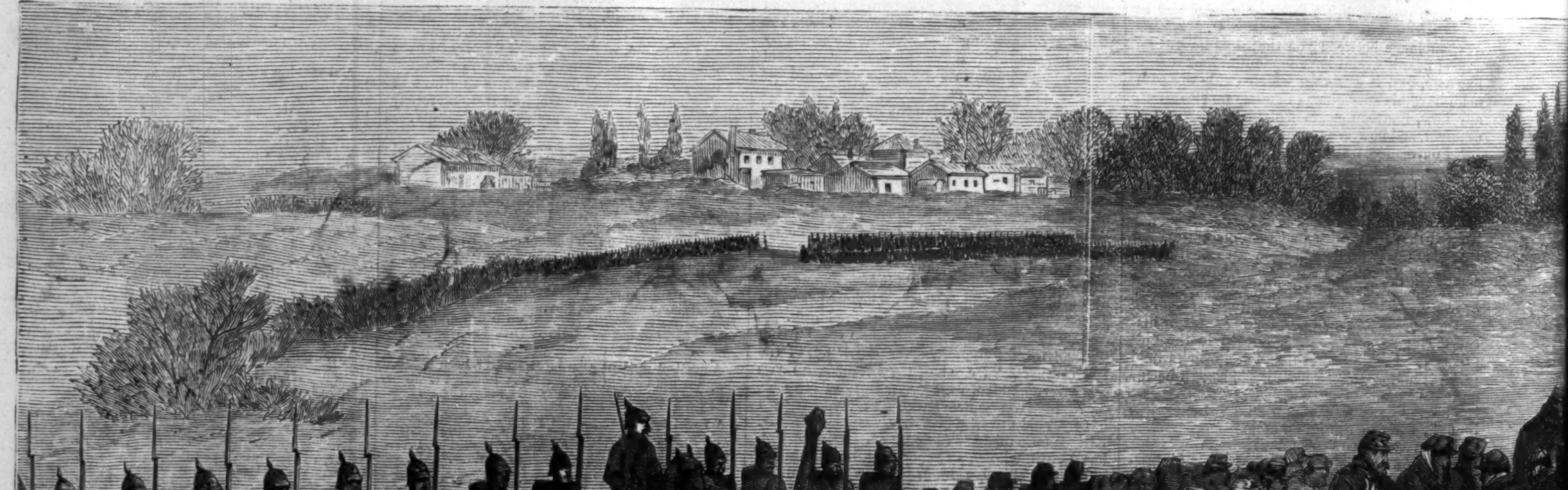
A line in one of Moore's songs reads thus, "Our couch shall be roses bespangled with dew." To which a sensible girl replied, "'Twould give me the rheumatiz, and so it would you."

THE NAPOLEONIC CONUNDRUM—Does heavy cannonading produce a reign?

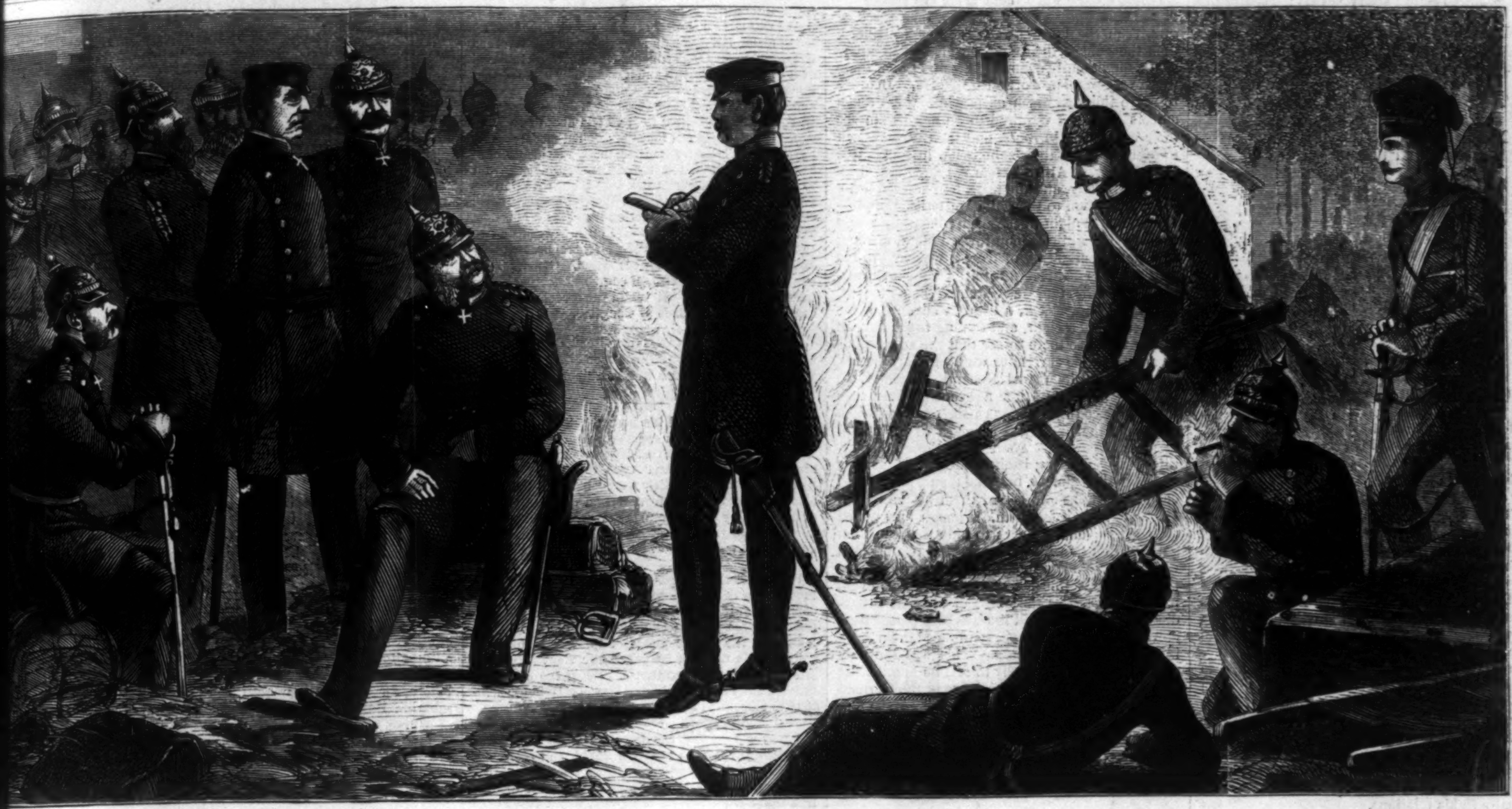
"COME BACK! COME BACK!"



GENERAL VON MOLTKE MAKING A RECONNOISSANCE BEFORE THE WALLS OF PARIS.



MARSHAL BAZAINE'S ARMY LEAVING



KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA, AT A CAMP FIRE, DICTATING A DISPATCH TO COUNT VON BISMARCK.

VING TER THE SURRENDER.—[See Page 794.]

LOVE AND TIME.

BECAUSE old Time's a rover,
  Need young Love change his home?
Ah, now that summer's over,
  Old Time, and winter come,
Teach young Love to discover,
  Where'er thou roamest, some
New ways whereby to love her,
  If Love with thee must roam.

Old Time, why wilt thou never
  Let young Love be? Ah, why!
Because thou art forever
  Unkindly fleeting by.
Must Love, too, share thy treasons,
  And play me false like thee?
Change thou thy suns and seasons,
  But leave my love to me!

A CHINESE EXECUTION.

IN several respects the Chinese are an anomalous people. Individually they are harmless and inoffensive, as is proved by Californian and Australian experience, but in their national capacity they are prone to treat foreigners with the utmost hauteur and contempt. In their social relations they appear to be kind-hearted and good-natured, and the thoroughly brutal, hardened ruffian who beats his wife and starves his children is a rare phenomenon in China; yet the penalties inflicted by law are frightfully severe, and, on comparatively slight provocation, human blood is poured out like water. In truth, although the Chinese, as compared with Europeans, are stigmatized as cowards, their timidity can scarcely proceed from an excessive love of self-preservation, for nowhere else in the world is the indifference to death so marked. That which in the Western world is regarded as the highest type of self-sacrifice, namely, that a man should give up his life for his friend, is in China regarded as a mere matter of business. A man will voluntarily offer himself as a substitute for some condemned criminal, provided a sum of money is handed as a recompense to his relations.

The engraving on page 797, which is copied from a photograph of an actual occurrence, represents the scene before a Chinese execution. We see the criminal, with his hands bound behind his back, and his tail brought forward over his face, so that nothing may impede the stroke of the executioner's sword. In this picture only one victim is visible, but it frequently happens in China that the number of doomed persons may be reckoned by scores and hundreds, while, after the capture of prisoners at some of the imperial victories during the Tae-ping rebellion, thousands of poor creatures were thus massacred in cold blood.

A naval officer visiting Canton thus, in *Good Words*, describes an execution which he chanced to witness near that city. The execution-ground consists of a lane outside the city walls, and about two miles from the factories. It is inclosed by the backs of houses, and has a door at each end to keep the mob out. While taking a sketch of this ground from the top of a carpenter's shop, our informant heard a great noise in the street below. A party of Chinese were carrying in people for execution. The prisoners, who had their arms tied behind their backs, and their tails twisted in a knot at the top of their heads, were carried in baskets, pitched out on the ground, and then arranged in four rows kneeling. As soon as the chief mandarin arrived the work of death began, and the four executioners, whose assistants changed their swords at every fourth stroke, cut off the heads of sixty-eight people in four minutes. The heads are thrown into a trough, as a warning to passers-by, but their friends may, if they please, claim the bodies. The clothes are handed over to the executioners as a perquisite, and they also add to their gains by cramming two bodies into one coffin, being allowed eighteen pence for each coffin supplied. The number of people executed yearly at Canton is between 2000 and 3000, sometimes as many as 150 are executed at one time.

BAZAINE'S ARMY LEAVING METZ.

THE evacuation of Metz by the French under Marshal BAZAINE, of which we give an illustration on our double page, is described by a correspondent as only comparable to a scene which he witnessed in Abyssinia in April, 1868, when King THEODORE'S motley host poured out of Magdala, and spread far and wide over the country, no longer an organized military force, but a helpless crowd of human beings, laden with the few things each could bear on his shoulders for his personal comfort. Another correspondent, writing a few days after the event, says: "We are not yet able thoroughly to realize the almost incredible scene we are witnessing. The more we think of it, the more does it seem like an impossible dream. Here are three field-marshals, fifty generals, 6000 officers, and 173,000 of the flower of the French army, filing out unarmed before less than 200,000 German soldiers, and giving themselves up as prisoners of war. The terms originally agreed upon were that they should march out of Metz with all the honors of war—bands playing, flags flying, and bayonets fixed; but the French commanding officers represented that this was not a desirable arrangement, as they could not trust their men; and they begged, in their own interest, that the men might be disarmed before they marched out. We arrived as the leading column, of carabineers of the Guard, with their light blue tunics, were forming upon the camping-ground—a magnificent body of men, who used generally to be quartered at Versailles—the pick of the French army. They looked wan and haggard, but not ashamed. Following close upon them came the cuirassiers of the Guard, then the voltigeurs, then the hussars, than the lancers, then the horse artillery, then the guides, then a mixed mass of infantry. To this apparently unending stream of men there was a very small proportion of officers. In order to spare them as much as possible, the French officers were not required to do more than see their men fairly *en route*, and then turned back to Metz to make their submission in some more private way. All this time it rained and drizzled alternately, and the poor, half-starved army had, in addition to their other miseries, the prospect of a wet night in the open; but they would have food. Riding along toward Metz, meeting this melancholy array of troops, we came to the spot at which Prince FREDERICK CHARLES, surrounded by his staff, was watching them file past. He was on horseback, a little in advance of his staff, smoking a cigar, and talking to the French officer who was there to see that the stipulations in regard to the surrender were properly carried out. With them was General FRANSKY, to whom from time to time a French officer rode up, and placed in his hands a slip of paper which contained the numerical strength of each regiment as it passed. There were three horse artillery officers riding back to Metz, and, as they passed their regiment, now and then a man darted out of the ranks and seized them by the hands. It was too much for them. Though they pulled their caps over their eyes to hide the tears that gushed from them, I could see that two of them were quite unable to control their emotion. The last corps that finished the procession, as evening closed in, was the finest of all—the grenadiers of the Guard; and they, as they passed their officers, in several instances embraced them, kissing them on both cheeks. This was the only corps which seemed really to feel its humiliating position. On each side of the road the German troops stood in masses, silently watching the foes for whom they can not but feel contempt; but not a sign nor a sound which could be construed into any expression of that feeling could be seen or heard."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

BALLOONS bring out from beleaguered Paris occasional letters, which are eagerly read, and regarded as an index of the state of affairs within the walls of the once gay capital. To a great extent, however, private letters probably indicate only individual feeling and knowledge; the real condition of the masses can scarcely be revealed by them. Some of these epistles are full of spirit and hope. One lady writes: "We bear gayly all our troubles and all our privations. Patriotism has so changed every body that the Parisians appear a people of brothers; noblemen and workmen sleep side by side on the ramparts, and use their best endeavors to help each other. Women have apparently no longer any vanities; toilets no more form the question of our days. We have made a vow to wear the same dress until the siege is over." She goes on to say that as there is nothing like necessity for bringing out natural resources, the Parisians—always clever cooks—are inventing several new dishes. The *filet* of horse is now generally regarded as strengthening and succulent; but the flesh of the ass is considered still better; and mice are cooked up into delicate and savory dishes. Another writer hopes that "in spite of William and his innumerable and disgraceful escort, the city of Paris will not cease to dictate to the whole world the supreme laws of elegance and good taste." An indication of this natural "good taste" is noted in a perceptible change in the mode of dressing the hair. At least such is the testimony of one lady, who asserts that, taking advantage of the flight of certain personages who had gray, thin, or red hair, and who inflicted on fashion their indispensable false hair, Parisian ladies have at once restored to liberty their own locks, so long hid under the despotic artificial chignon. Brown plaits, carefully smoothed down, light ringlets, at once graceful and natural, have alone adorned for some days the delicate and pretty heads of young ladies, who are delighted to have their most beautiful adornment restored to them.

Boston has received a bad blow in a disgusting exposé of its bakeries—or of some of them—by a New York reporter. If the "facts" disclosed are generally believed, "Boston brown bread" will lose its popularity unless it is made somewhere besides in Boston. The "Hub" might retaliate, if it can not deny the statements made. New York is not spotless in its cleanliness.

Art receives some favors in war. The residence and studio of Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, at the picturesque town of Fontainebleau, south of Paris, are to be spared and respected by the Germans in accordance with a special order of the Crown Prince of Prussia. Similar orders have been given by the King of Prussia in favor of the abode and studio of the artist M. Edouard Frère, at Ecouen.

Hypochondriacs are often cured by some very simple device. Not long ago a wealthy citizen of New Orleans became possessed with the notion that he was as brittle as glass, and was in constant danger of breaking. He was completely cured of the conceit by two medical students, who followed him about from place to place, and when questioned as to their motives, stated that they were waiting for him to "break himself," so that they might have a chance to pick up the pieces for dissection.

A European student of the habits and peculiarities of poisonous snakes has discovered that "all poisons have their specific antidotes in the gall of the animal or reptile in which these poisons exist." The bite of any poisonous snake or reptile can, we are assured, be cured by administering a few drops of a preparation of the gall of the *cobra*. The gall of the most deadly kind of snakes may be used in cases of bites of those less virulent. The gall is to be mixed with pure spirits of wine, or the best high wines.

A singular story is told of the reappearance of a gold medal which was made about three years ago, and was to be presented to Cyrus W. Field upon the completion of the Atlantic cable. Congress had appropriated $5000 for the medal, which was of solid gold, elaborately carved and mounted, and inclosed in a pearl case mounted with gold. The Secretary of the Treasury received the medal from the mint, and sent it to President Johnson by his confidential secretary. The medal was missed shortly after this, and, upon inquiry being made, Mr. Johnson stated that he had returned it to the Treasury Department. Nothing could be heard of it at the Department, and it was finally believed that the medal had been stolen. Congress, therefore, made another appropriation of $5000 for a duplicate, which was made and presented to Mr. Field about two years ago. It now turns out that the original medal was returned to the Treasury Department by President Johnson after he had viewed it, and the messenger gave it to Assistant Treasurer Tuttle, who locked it up in his private safe, and never heard the charge that it had been stolen, or an appropriation made for a new one. The medal remained in his safe until a week or two ago, when Mr. Tuttle inquired of General Spinner why Mr. Field did not come for his medal. General Spinner was greatly astonished, of course, at hearing all the facts in the case, and will retain the medal until some disposition of it be made by Congress.

Miss Vinnie Ream writes from Rome that the statue of Lincoln, upon which she has been engaged for three years, is completed, and will be shipped at once for Washington.

"The Pope has sold his horses." Such is the announcement; and from some inspired correspondent, who writes from the Eternal City, we gather that these same horses were "grand" ones, that they were also "old," and, moreover, they were "black." We judge also that they were fine trotters, and were in the habit of occasionally prancing up the Esquiline decked with flowers, feathers, and bells. But who has bought them? and to what uses will they now be put?

The American College, erected in Constantinople at the expense of Mr. Roberts, of this city, is now nearly completed. It stands on a splendid site on the Bosphorus, close by the ancient castles built in A.D. 1400 by Mahmoud II., the conqueror of Constantinople, and commands a magnificent panoramic view. Mr. Roberts is now in Constantinople. When the college is finished several of the higher Mussulman families intend to place their sons there to be educated.

A new water-proof packing paper is now prepared by coating it with a resinous liquid, and afterward painting it with a solution of glue and soot, to prevent the appearance of blotches. After it is dry the true water-proof coating is applied, which consists of a solution prepared with two and a half ounces of powdered shellac to two pints of water. To this, while hot, is added gradually one-third of an ounce of pulverized borax; at the same time mineral coloring matter, like ochre or umber, may be added. When cold it is ready for use. The operation of coating is so quickly performed that two persons may prepare three thousand square feet of paper per day.

Miss Rye is an English lady of large fortune, who has for some time exercised her benevolent feelings by collecting waifs in the streets of London, and providing them with good homes in the Western continent. Most of these children are orphans; all are taken from wretchedness and sin at a tender age, while the mind is susceptible to good influences. Over three hundred have been sent across the ocean by Miss Rye; many find homes in Canada, many others in the Western States.

From Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, comes a curious story of a stout-looking man who, one Sunday, was endeavoring to make his way through the crowd to get within better hearing distance of the distinguished orator. Mr. Beecher was at that moment giving the words of his text, "Who art thou?" in a clear, distinct tone. As is usual, he repeated it a second time, "Who art thou?" The stout man, thinking himself in the wrong, perhaps, by pressing forward, and believing himself to be personally addressed, startled both preacher and people by sedately replying, "I'm a pig-merchant from Chicago, Sir. I hope you ain't mad. There ain't nary chair, or else I'd 'a sot down." Plymouth Church didn't recover its serenity for ten minutes.

M. Gambetta, one of the most vigorous members of the provisional government, is young in years, yet his black hair is already tinged with gray. When a boy he destroyed the sight of one of his eyes to make his father take him home from a boarding-school that he disliked. He has therefore a glass eye. His voice is naturally rich and sonorous, but neglected colds and a youth of hardships and privations have much impaired it. His chest is weak, he is subject to bronchial attacks, habitually wears a respirator, and public speaking, especially in the open air, when it is necessary to exert the voice greatly, always distresses and weakens him.

War is prolific in strange devices. It is reported that the Prussians have let loose a number of hawks in the vicinity of Paris to wage war upon the French pigeons carrying letters.

Dio Lewis says that if you wish to live to the age of eighty-five in the full enjoyment of all your faculties, go to bed at nine o'clock, and eat twice a day a moderate quantity of plain food. He is of opinion that the reason why Americans are such dyspeptics is that they eat and drink so much and so fast.

Fleshy people are constantly inquiring how they can reduce their weight, and lean individuals as frequently desire to know how they may become plump. Dio Lewis says to the former: "Reduce the quantity of your food one quarter, and increase the proportion of animal food. At the end of three months reduce the quantity another quarter. Rise early, sleep little, and walk an hour before breakfast. Exercise into a profuse perspiration at least once a day." His advice to the lean is: "Eat freely of oat-meal and Graham mush, cracked wheat, and stewed fruit. Retire at nine o'clock, or, if you are in a hurry to become young and plump, go to bed at eight o'clock, and rise when you get ready. Cultivate jovial fellows, and do your share of the laughing." Fat people will perceive that they are not expected to be in a happy frame of mind, and by no means to indulge in much laughter.

In a preface which Disraeli has written to a collected edition of his works, now being published in London, he says, speaking of "Lothair:" "It has been more extensively read both by the people of the United Kingdom and of the United States than any work which has appeared for the last half century." The *Court Journal* remarks that this statement is erroneous; that there is not the slightest doubt that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read far more extensively.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XL.

A PROJECTED PARTNERSHIP.

THOUGH by no means in either the mental or physical condition in which a lady should be who is called upon to play the part of hostess, Harry was not displeased that Solomon had not returned alone. The presence of this stranger, whom she greeted mechanically, and almost without a glance at his features, was welcome to her, because it was likely to distract from herself her husband's regards. What she would like to have done would have been to shut herself up alone in her chamber, to weep and pray. As it was, she had to be cheerful, to affect an interest in her husband's late expedition, and pleasure at his unexpected return. Mrs. Basil was here invaluable; you would never have imagined that it was the same woman—so stricken and full of anguish but a few minutes before, and now so self-possessed and cheerful. But she had been used to playing parts throughout her life, and acting was easy to her. She dreaded silence, lest with it should come observation and remark upon the agitation and distress only too visible in Harry's countenance; and yet it was difficult, even for her, to keep up the ball of small-talk, for Solomon was always slow and scant of speech, and the new-comer rarely opened his mouth, and then only to utter a monosyllable. His manner, too, was embarrassing; he turned his white and stony face from one woman to the other, like an automaton, but with a weird and searching gaze.

They had never so much as heard his name before, for Richard had been cautious never to mention Balfour in his letters, since they were, of course, perused by the authorities, and friendships were not encouraged at Lingmoor; but, on the other hand, it was evident that these ladies had an interest for the visitor. Presently, while they were yet all below stairs, arrived Charles and Agnes, which effected, indeed, diversion enough, but also a great disturbance and alteration for the worse in Mr. Coe's temper. No sooner, as it seemed to him, had his back been turned, then, than the intimacy between this girl and his son, which he had strictly forbidden, had been recommenced, and with the connivance and encouragement of his wife too, or else how should the lad dare thus to bring her home? For the first time Solomon was openly rude to Agnes; and the latter, being a girl of spirit, resented it by quietly rising to depart. Charley, rash and impetuous, rose to accompany her. Solomon stormed displeasure; and it seemed that the presence of the visitor would have been wholly inadequate to prevent a family scene, when Agnes herself interposed with dignity. "No, Charles; I would rather go alone. If your father objects to my presence here, it shall not be intruded; and if he considers your company a condescension, I can not accept it upon such terms."

Charles would have taken her arm, in defiance of all consequences, and led her off under Solomon's nose; but this opposition on her part offended him. He was almost as angry with her for thwarting him as he was with his father. It was a triangular duel, the combatants in which were narrowly watched by the disregarded stranger. When Agnes got her way and departed, "That's a girl of character," observed he, with a cynical smile.

"She is a girl without a penny," answered Solomon, gloomily, with a scowl at his son, "upon whom this young fool wishes to throw himself away."

"What! so early?" observed Mr. Balfour, good-humoredly addressing Charles. "When I was your age, I thought of enjoying life, and not of marriage. I don't wonder, however, that any girl should strive to enslave so handsome a young fellow as your son, Sir. It is quite natural, and there is no need to blame her, and far less *him*."

Ashamed, perhaps, of having exhibited such violence of temper before his guest, Solomon was very willing to be mollified, and grimly smiled approval of these sentiments; Charles, too, though fully resolved to set himself right with Agnes on the morrow, was not displeased with the visitor's remark; but the two women justly resented it as an impertinent freedom. If Charles's thoughts had not been so preoccupied with his own wrongs—the deprivation of his Agnes's society, which he had promised himself for the rest of the day, and the snub which he conceived she had administered to him—he would have noticed too, for he was by no means wanting in observation, that the new-comer's manner to his hostess and Mrs. Basil was not what it should have been. It was not absolutely rude, but it was studiously careless of their presence. He no longer stared at them as at first, but, on the contrary, seemed to ignore the fact of their existence—never addressed them; and if either spoke to him, replied as briefly as possible, and then turned at once to Solomon or his son. Mrs. Basil concluded that he was a vulgar fellow, who, having penetration enough to discover that the males had the upper hand in the establishment, did not give himself the trouble to conciliate the less important members of it; but Harry, always timid and suspicious, was alarmed at him; his air had, in her eyes, something hostile in it as well as contemptuous. She could not understand, and therefore mistrusted, the influence he had evidently obtained over her husband, and which already had superseded that of Mrs. Basil.

That Solomon should no longer take pains to make himself agreeable to the latter, now that he had obtained from her his object, was, to any one who knew his character, explicable enough; but why should this stranger have taken her place as his counselor and friend? The idea of

some personal advantage was, of course, at the bottom of it; but it was clear, not only to sage Mrs. Basil, but even to Harry—since even a moderately skillful looker-on sees more of the game than the best player—that in any contest of wits Solomon would have small chance with his new friend. The opinion of Mrs. Basil was, that some new speculation, in some manner connected with the Crompton sale, had been entered into by the two men, and that Mr. Balfour would in the end secure the oyster, while Mr. Coe was left with the shell. But Harry had darker forebodings still; she was instinctively confident that there was enmity at work in the new-comer, as well as the readiness common to all speculators to overreach a friend. There was a look in his pallid face, when it glanced, as he thought unheeded, on either Charles or Solomon, which, to her mind, boded ill. If it did so, it was certainly unsuspected by those on whom it fell. Mr. Coe had apparently never found a companion so agreeable to him; and, curiously enough, this idea seemed to be shared by Charles. According to his own account, Mr. Balfour had been abroad in Western America for many years, and had there retrieved a fortune which, originally inherited, had been speedily dissipated in the pleasures of the town. His long absence from such scenes had by no means dulled his taste for them, and his conversation ran on little else. He had a light rattling way with him—that, to Harry's view, resembled youthful spirit no more than galvanism in a corpse resembles life, and which was certainly not in harmony with his age and appearance—and very graphic powers of description; he expressed himself curious about the changes in public amusements since he left town, near twenty years ago, and seriously placed himself under Charles's guidance on the expeditions of pleasure for which the latter was always ready. To this, strangely enough, Solomon made no objection, notwithstanding that his own purse-strings had to be drawn pretty wide to supply these extravagances. His new friend had only to suggest that he should give the lad a five-pound note to enjoy himself with, and the thing was done at once.

As for himself, Mr. Balfour seemed to be made of money, so freely did he spend it; and if he did not offer the use of his purse to his young companion, it was only, as he told him, because he feared to offend his pride. "Besides," said he, when they were alone together on one of these expeditions of amusement, from which Solomon, whose notions of enjoyment were mainly confined to money-making, always excused himself upon pretense of having business to do, "it is only right your father should be made to fork out; he is as rich as Crœsus. It is quite unreasonable that he should stint you in enjoyment when, one day or another, you will have all the pleasures of life to pick and choose from."

It would have tested Solomon's new-born friendship severely if he could have heard Mr. Balfour dilate upon this topic, which he did with such earnestness and fervor that the lad was soon convinced of those great expectations which the cautious reticence of his parents had so long concealed from him. On the other hand, Charley's companion deduced an argument from this fair prospect which was not so unwelcome to the lad; he maintained that, under the circumstances, it would be madness to risk his father's displeasure by uniting himself irretrievably to Agnes, or to any other young woman. "My good offices will be always at your disposal, my lad," urged he, gravely, "and I don't deny that, at present, I have considerable influence with Mr. Coe; but it would not be proof against so flagrant an act of disobedience as that which you contemplate. The great bulk of his property is at his own disposal; and his nature, if I may speak plainly to you in so important a matter, is obstinate and implacable. At all events, there is no hurry, since you and this charming young lady are but boy and girl at present. Life is uncertain, and you may be your own master any day; wait till you are so, or wait for a little, at all events, to see what may turn up; and in the mean time, lad, enjoy yourself." The last part of Mr. Balfour's advice, at all events, was palatable enough, and that much of it Charles accepted; in doing which, as was anticipated, the whole intention of his Mentor became fulfilled. Plunged in dissipation, the young man thought less and less of his love; gave himself little trouble, though he still avowed his unalterable attachment, to set himself right with her; grew more and more dissatisfied with his own home, at the same time that that of Agnes became less and less attractive; and, in short, he drifted away daily farther and farther from the safe moorings of love and duty.

Harry perceived all this with a dread so deep that it even drove her to invoke her husband's aid against this man, who, inexplicable as his hostility might be, was bent, she firmly believed, upon the ruin of her darling boy. With Solomon, as she well knew, the fact of his son's dissipation was not likely to move him to interfere; he saw that the companionship of Balfour was gradually producing an estrangement between Charles and the portionless artist's daughter, and so far he cordially approved of it, nor cared to question by what means this new friend made himself agreeable. She had no argument available except that of expense, and, to her astonishment and dismay, this failed to affect her prudent spouse.

"Just let things be a while," was Solomon's reply, "and mind your own business. It is quite true the lad's throwing my money in the gutter at a fine rate; but in the end I shall get it all back again, and more with it. This Balfour takes me for a foolish doting father, but he shall pay for all himself before I've done with him. I throw a sprat to catch a whale; and neither you nor any other fool shall interfere with my fishing."

Harry dared not say more; her husband had been in the worst of humors ever since he had returned from Crompton, and was all the more brutal and tyrannical to her that he had to be civil and conciliatory to his new friend, and involuntarily indulgent, upon his account, to Charles. The unhappy mother was powerless to check the evil the growth of which was so patent to her loving instinct, and there was none to whom she could look for help. Mrs. Basil had no longer any influence with Solomon, and, besides, she was seriously ill, and had now been confined to her own room for weeks. In her extremity, Harry had even resolved to make a personal appeal to this man Balfour; to ask him in what her husband had injured him, to adjure him to forgive the wrong, or at least not to visit it upon her Charley's innocent head. But she shrank with an inexplicable terror from putting this design into effect; she felt she should humiliate herself to no purpose; he would deny, in his cold, cynical way, that he entertained any thing but friendship for her astute husband and affection for her bright and impulsive son. Besides, to say truth, she was afraid to speak with the man; and she had a suspicion that this weird and shadowy fear was, in some degree shared by Mrs. Basil; at times she even imagined that it was not so much indisposition as a desire to avoid his presence that caused the landlady to absent herself from the family circle.

Mr. Coe, at all events, entertained no such prejudice against his guest; day by day he grew more communicative with him, and more solicitous to hear his opinions, with which he seldom failed to agree. The two men were in reality, as it was easy to see, as opposite in character as the poles. Mr. Balfour was, and apparently always had been, a man of pleasure; but he had seen men and cities, and his remarks were shrewd, and selfish, and worldly-wise enough. It was rarely that his talk ever strayed to matters of business, so that Solomon was perforce a listener; but that unambitious part he played to admiration.

Upon one occasion, however, their after-dinner converse happened to turn upon partnerships; Solomon urged their great convenience, how one man brought money and the other brains, and how pleasant it must be for the former to live at ease while the latter gathered honey for him, both for present use and for the wintry store. He rose with the familiar subject to quite a flight of poetry.

Mr. Balfour, with half-shut eyes and a mocking smile, dilated upon the sentiment involved in such communities of enterprise, the sympathy engendered by them, and the happy social effects that were produced by them. His host either did not, or would not, perceive that these remarks were ironical, and pursued the subject to its details, proportions of profits, balance-sheets, etc., until Charles rose with a yawn, and left his two elders together.

"Well, Balfour," said Solomon, frankly, as soon as they were alone, "this talk reminds me of the matter that first introduced us to one another—your purchase of that outlying bit of the Crompton property, Wheal Danes."

"Ay," replied the other, carelessly lighting another cigar. It was quite wonderful to see how many cigars Mr. Balfour got through daily; you might have almost thought that he had been denied tobacco for years by his physician, and had only just been permitted to resume the habit.

"Yes; you disappointed me there immensely, I must confess. I went down to the sale on purpose to secure it."

"So you told me, or, at least, so I guessed from your manner; and yet I don't know why you should have been so sweet upon it. It's only a bare bit of ground with a round hole in it, close by the sea."

"That's all," said Solomon, puffing at his clay pipe. "What on earth could have made you buy it?"

"Well, I told you once. I lost my yacht off Turlock, when coming to England last autumn, and very nearly my life with it. When one escapes with a whole skin from such a storm as wrecked me there, the first piece of dry land one comes to seems very attractive. I happened to be cast ashore beneath that very spot, and so I took a fancy to it. If I had been a good Papist I should have built a chapel there to my patron saint in gratitude for my preservation; as it was, I resolved to erect a villa for myself there. It will have an excellent view, and the situation is healthy. If you seek for any other reason for the purchase, I have none to give you; it was a whim, if you like, but then I can afford to indulge my whims."

"This one cost you a good deal, however; you gave five hundred pounds for it, did you not?" Balfour nodded assent.

"A great sum for a few barren acres," said Solomon, thoughtfully.

"Yes; and so the trustees of the estate thought, Mr. Coe. They closed with my offer sharp enough, and withdrew the lot from public competition; else, perhaps, I should have got it cheaper."

"Not if I had been bidding against you," observed the host, significantly.

"You don't say so! You were never shipwrecked thereabouts, were you? Oh, I remember: you were brought up in the neighborhood. You had some tender recollection of the spot, perhaps, with relation to madame up stairs. What creatures of sentiment you men of business sometimes are—dear me!"

"I did live near the spot," said Solomon, slowly, "though I should deceive you if I pretended that that had any thing to do with my wish to possess it."

"You would not deceive me, my good friend," answered Balfour, coolly; "but, as you were about to say, it would not be frank. Let us be frank and open, above all things."

"I wish to be so, I assure you," was Solomon's meek reply. "When I offered you a hundred pounds for your bargain, I think I showed you that deception was no part of my nature. In all matters of business I always go straight to the point at once."

"As in the present instance, for example," remarked the guest, with an imperturbable smile.

"I am coming to the point, Mr. Balfour—once for all. I will give you a thousand pounds down for that Crompton lot—twice the money that you gave for it within a month; that's twelve hundred per cent. per annum."

Balfour shook his head. "I am not a religious man, my dear Sir—far from it. But I believe, like Miss Joanna yonder, in inspirations: all my whims are inspirations, and therefore sacred. It was an inspiration that made me buy Wheal Danes, and I mean to keep it. If you offered me ten thousand pounds, I'd keep it."

Solomon was silent for a while, his heavy brows knit in thought; then once again he advanced to the attack. "You may keep it, and yet share the profit, Mr. Balfour."

"The profit?"

"Ay, the profit. I told you I was going to be frank with you, but you would never guess *how* frank. I am about to put thousands a year into your pocket, on condition that you will let me fill my own at the same rate. We were talking of partnerships just now; let us be partners in Wheal Danes."

"Balfour and Coe sounds natural enough," returned the other, coolly. "But I must hear your plan."

"My plan is a secret—invaluable, indeed, as such—but which, once told, will be worth nothing—that is, to *me*."

"You may do as you like, my friend, about revealing it," yawned Mr. Balfour. "I care nothing for your plan; only, until I hear it I stick to my plot, my lot, my acreage. Tell me the whole story without reservation—don't attempt to deceive me on the slightest point—and then you shall have your way. We will divide this land of gold between us, or, as seems to me much more likely, browse like twin donkeys on its crop of thistles."

"I have nothing but your bare word to trust to," said Solomon, doubtfully; "but still, I must risk it. Come, it's a bargain. Then, here's my hand upon it."

"Never mind my hand, my good friend," returned the other, coolly. "In the part of the world from which I hailed last, folks didn't shake hands, and I've fallen out of the habit. Come, give us this story of Wheal Danes."

"It's a very old one, Mr. Balfour. The plot of ground you purchased gets its strange name from an ancient tin mine that is comprised in it, once worked by the Romans, but disused since their time. There are many such in Cornwall."

"So I've heard," said Balfour, while the other sipped his glass. It was curious to contrast the grave and earnest manner of the host with the careless and uninterested air of his guest, who presently, as the narrative proceeded, leaned his face upon his hand and gazed into the fire, an occasional glance sideways at his companion through his fingers alone testifying that his attention was still preserved. He never stirred a limb nor winked an eyelid when Solomon came out with his great secret.

"This mine that is said to be worked out, Mr. Balfour, and which you have purchased by mere accident, as being in the same lot with your proposed building-ground, will, I have reason to believe, turn out a gold mine."

"You don't say so! I did not know that there *was* gold in Cornwall."

"There is as good, or at least there are metals that bring gold—tin and copper; and Wheal Danes is full of the latter. The old Romans worked it for tin only, and left their prize just as it was getting to be worth having. There's a copper vein in the lowest level of that mine that may be worth all the old Carew estate."

"And you have seen this vein?"

"No; but my wife's father, John Trevethick, as good a judge as any man on earth, or under it, saw it, and told me of its existence on his death-bed—"

"When did he die, and how? Was it a lingering, painful death, or was he struck down suddenly?" interposed Balfour. "I ask," added he, hastily, for Solomon looked up in wonder at his companion's vehemence, "because the credibility of such a story as you tell me would depend upon the state of the man's brain."

"He did die a painful and a lingering death, but his wits were clear enough," answered Solomon. "It was ten years ago, and more, but I mind it as well as though it was but yesterday—indeed, I've thought of little else since. 'The best legacy I have to leave you, Sol, lies in these last words of mine,' said he; 'so do you listen, and lay them to heart.' Then he told me how, as a boy, he had once explored Wheal Danes in play with other boys, and found the copper lode in a certain spot. He was not so young even then but that he knew the value of such a find, and he had held his tongue; and though he visited the place pretty often—for he couldn't help that—he kept the secret close from that time until his death."

"He had never told any other person but yourself, you think?" inquired Balfour, curiously.

"No one to speak of. There was one fellow who had an inkling of the thing, it seems, but he is dead now. I read of it in the newspaper quite lately. He died in jail, or rather in escaping from it, and had never been in a position to profit by his suspicion. You may say, in fact, that not a living soul besides John Trevethick ever knew this secret. For fifty years he strove to possess himself of this mine; he even offered for it, valueless as it was thought to be, four times the money you did; only Carew was mad and obstinate; and now, for ten years, I have had my own eyes fixed upon it, and got the earliest news of when it was in the market, as I thought, when, here, without a hint to guide you, a whiff of fortune blows it to your hand. It's a hard case *I* call it—devilish hard."

"Well, it *is* hard," said Balfour; "that is, supposing all you say is true. But frankly, my good Sir, I don't believe you. I mean no offense; but, since you have not seen the lode with your own eyes, you must pardon me for doubting its existence."

"Well, then, Sir, I *have* seen it, and that's the long and short of it. I would not take such a thing on trust from an angel."

"So I suspected," observed Balfour, coolly. "But as you have told me one lie you may tell me another. What am I to believe now?"

"The mine is yours, Sir," answered Solomon, gruffly. "Let us go down together and look at it. If Trevethick and I were mistaken—and I'll bet you a thousand pounds that we were not—it is but coming back again, and—"

"And being made the laughing-stock of all the folks among whom I mean to spend my days," interrupted Balfour. "No, no. If we go, I'll not have a soul to know of it. And mind you, if this turns out to be a mare's nest, I sha'n't be pleased, my friend."

"It will not do that, Sir, you may take my word for it," answered Solomon, earnestly; "and as for going *incog.*, that matter's easy. I can start for Gethin, which is my home, and but a stone's-throw from the very place, on pretense of business; and you, a day or two after, may come down to the inn at Turlock, just to see your purchase. We need not be so much as seen together, if you so prefer it."

"I would much prefer it," observed Balfour, sententiously.

"Very good. Then here's my plan: my father-in-law used to visit Wheal Danes at night; from his doing so, instead of its drawing dangerous attention to the place, as one would think, the rumor arose that the old mine was haunted; corpse-candles, with no hand to carry them, were seen there going up and down the levels, and so the poor fools shunned it after dark. Well, let us take torch and ladder, and play at corpse-candle. What say you?"

"Well, I'll come," said Balfour, reluctantly, "though I don't much like the chance of being made a fool of. What day will suit you best to start? All's one to me."

"I'll start to-morrow," said Solomon, with excitement. "Do you come down, as if into Midlandshire, on Friday: that's an unlucky day with Turlock folk, but not with you, I reckon?"

"You're right there, man," answered Balfour, slowly. "Well?"

"On Saturday, at midnight, I will meet you at the old pit's mouth. Come, there's my hand upon it."

This time Balfour took his companion's hand, and griped it firmly.

"Then, that's a bargain, partner," cried Solomon, gayly. "Fill up your glass. Here's luck to the old mine!"

"Here's luck," echoed Balfour, looking steadily at his host, "and to our next merry midnight meeting!"

"Ay, good! Here's luck!" quoth Solomon.

CHAPTER XLI.

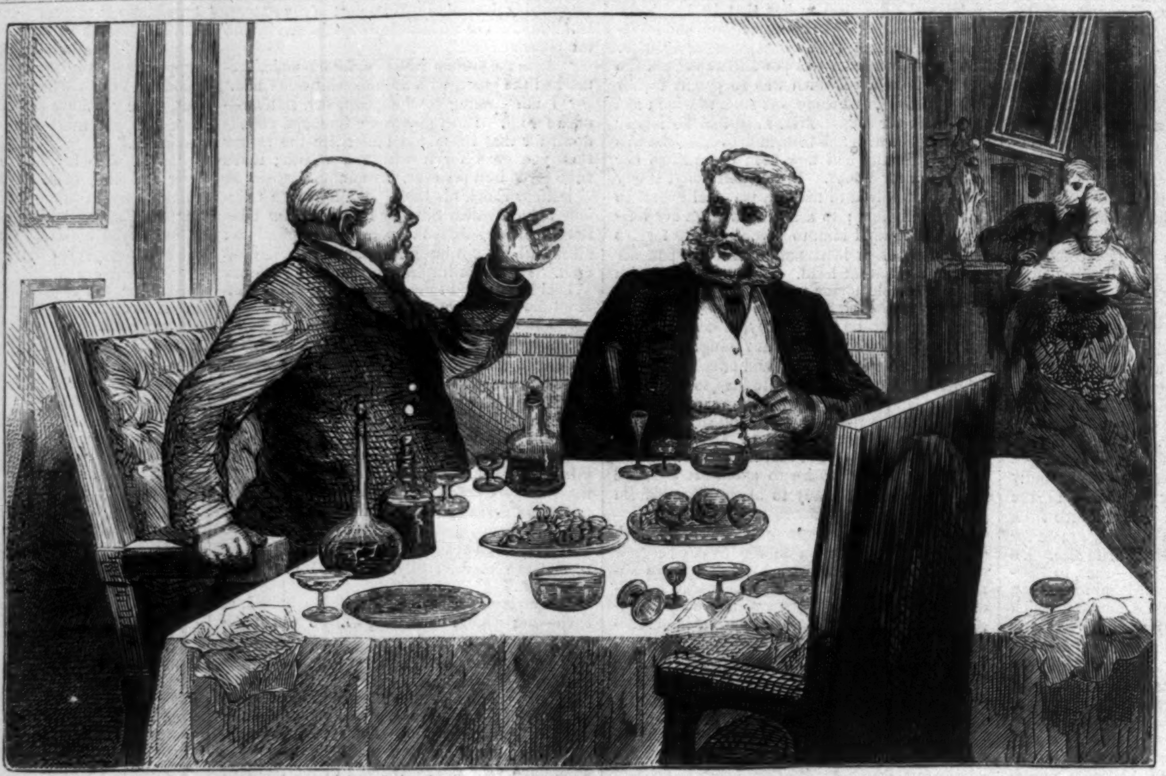
IN THE TOILS.

Solomon started for Gethin on the ensuing morning; but his wife did not, as usual, find his departure a relief, since Balfour remained behind. Her last instructions from her husband were to treat this unwelcome guest with marked consideration, and to let him have his way in every thing. He also hinted, though it was scarcely necessary to insure her obedience, at certain brilliant prospects which were about to present themselves, through Balfour's means, if he were only kept in good-humor. Harry would have much preferred to relinquish his favor at the price of his absence, but not so her son. Notwithstanding the disparity in their ages, he and this new acquaintance were already fast friends. The latter had laid himself out to please the lad, and had succeeded; partly, perhaps, from the very novelty of companionship, for Charley knew no one in town, and was tired of taking his pleasure therein alone, but chiefly through his store of agreeable anecdotes, all illustrative of the enjoyments which wealth conferred, with which Balfour tickled his ears.

"In a few years—perhaps sooner, who knows?—all these things of which I speak will be within your own means. You will be rich; and he who is so can please himself in almost every thing. You can then marry your Agnes, if you will, without fear of being disinherited; or, what is better and more likely, you may choose from a score of Agneses, or even take them all."

He had a light amusing way with him, this Balfour, that hid the cynicism which would otherwise have jarred upon his young companion; for Charles, though selfish and fond of pleasure, was good-natured, and had not reached that period of life when our sherry must needs not only be dry, but have bitters in it. He was genuinely fond of his mother; yet even in this short time Balfour, as she well knew, had taught him to disobey her; not setting her at open defiance, indeed, but regarding her advice and remonstrances with a sort of tender contempt. She meant all for his good, his Mentor admitted, but women had not much knowledge of the world; and if a young man was not to be his own master at eighteen, he must look to be in leading-strings all his life. Harry perceived her darling's plastic nature changing daily for the worse in the hands of this crafty potter; and though it was an admission humiliating to her, as a mother, to make, she made it to Mrs. Basil in her sick-room.

"Mr. Balfour is doing my Charley harm," she said. "He is an altered boy already, and yet my husband talks as though we are never to be rid of



"I WILL GIVE YOU A THOUSAND POUNDS DOWN FOR THAT CROMPTON LOT."

the man. What money, what gain, can ever compensate for the demoralization of our child?"

"Nothing, indeed," said Mrs. Basil, quietly. "But have a little patience. Is not this gentleman going on Friday?"

"Yes, but he will come back again. It is only some business that calls him into Midlandshire. He does not even take all his luggage away. I have a great mind to tell him point-blank that his presence in this house—at all events in Mr. Coe's absence—is unwelcome; but I dare not do it; I am afraid."

"Yes, your husband would be very angry, without doubt," said Mrs. Basil, thoughtfully.

"That is not it. I am afraid of the man himself. He reminds me of that hateful creature—what is he?—in the opera, for which Mr. Aird gave us the tickets, and which Agnes went with us to see—Mephistopheles."

"What a strange fancy! He is only a sour, pleasure-jaded man. If I was not so ill I would speak to him myself; but you are right not to do so; that is your husband's place, who has brought him here. Let things be as they are till Friday."

Harry sighed, but perforce assented. Friday came, and Mr. Balfour went as he had designed, but not without stating at breakfast his intention of returning on the ensuing Monday or Tuesday at latest, and even making an engagement with Charley to spend the latter evening with him at the theatre.

"Do you happen to know when my husband will be home?" inquired Harry, timidly.

"No, madam. He was good enough to say, however, that his absence was to make no difference to my remaining here as his guest."

This reply, which might easily have been made offensive, was delivered with the most studied courtesy: it cut the hostess's ground from under her; for it had answered the very objection which she had intended to imply. She felt herself not only defeated, but reproved.

"Let us hope you will both return together," said she.

"I do not think that very probable," answered Mr. Balfour, slowly.

An hour later and he had departed, his hostess, under pretense of being engaged with her sick friend up stairs, not having so much as shaken his hand. Charles, indignant at this slight, would have accompanied him to the railway station, but Balfour would not hear of it. For this he had two reasons: in the first place, he was anxious to keep his route secret; and secondly, it was a part of his system to give the young man no sort of trouble or inconvenience on his account. He wished every association that linked them together to be one of pleasure.

Mrs. Basil, as we have said, had not made her appearance that morning below stairs; she was, in fact, no better, but rather worse: that news from Lingmoor, outwardly borne so well, had shaken her to the core. Still, no sooner had Balfour left than she made shift to rise, and even came down to dinner. She discussed with Charley, who had a considerable regard for her, the character of their late guest—not with hostility, as his mother was wont to do, but with the air of one who asks for information, and has confidence in the verdict which she seeks. The lad, flattered by this implied compliment to his sagacity, answered her questions readily enough. He praised his friend, of course, and thought he praised him even when he spoke ill of him. He repeated his pungent sayings, and served up his anecdotes—such of them as were adapted, at least, for the ears of the ladies—anew. By this means he hoped to bring his hearers to a better opinion of so capital a fellow; and in Mrs. Basil's case he apparently succeeded. His mother still reiterated her opinion that Mr. Balfour was a dangerous personage, and not a fit companion for any young man. Charles smiled at this, for it was the almost literal fulfillment of a prophecy which Balfour had made to him, and believed in that gentleman's sagacity, accordingly, more than ever. Women were so ludicrously prejudiced; the fact of Mrs. Basil's—"the white witch"—not being so was an exception that proved the rule. She had been evidently interested in his anecdotes, of one of which she had even requested to hear the particulars twice over; not that, in his own judgment, it was the best, but, being of a weird sort, it had probably struck her fancy. It had lost in the telling, too—for he did not pretend to have the gift of narrative, as Mr. Balfour had—and his mother had seen in the story in question nothing at all.

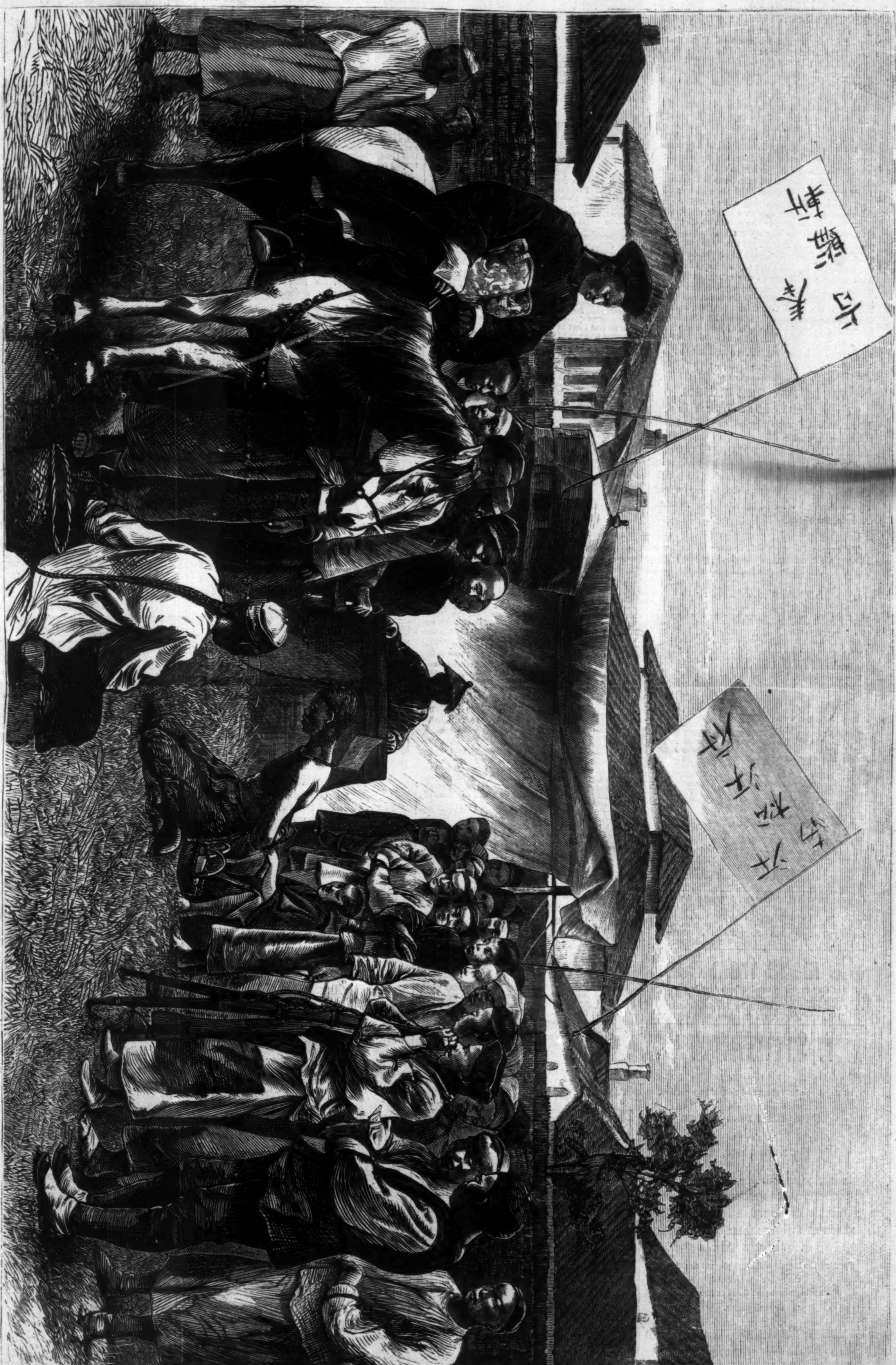
Mrs. Basil came down stairs no more after that evening. She grew worse and worse, and was not only confined to her room, but to her bed. Harry was not much with her; she seized with avidity this opportunity of being alone with Charley to undo, as far as she could, Mr. Balfour's work with him. This was not hard, for the boy was a creature of impulse, and swayed for good or ill with equal ease. But she discovered that it would be useless to attempt henceforth to conceal from him the nature of his future prospects. He was now firmly convinced that he was the heir to a large fortune, and she regretted too late that she had left the disclosure to a stranger. What grieved her much more, and with reason, was that an attempt which she now made to bring the influence of Agnes to bear upon him proved unsuccessful; the girl resolutely refused to come to the house in the absence of its master, and contrary, as she knew, to his express commandment. Charley himself, too, whose visits to Mr. Aird's studio had been intermitted for some time, was received in Soho with coldness. It was not in Harry's nature to understand this independence of spirit, and she deeply deplored it on her son's account. She had looked to this young girl to be his guardian angel, and had never anticipated that she could possibly decline to watch over a charge so precious. She would not allow, even to herself, that her son's own conduct was as much the cause of this as her husband's ill favor; but she saw in it, clearly enough, the mark of the cloven hoof, the work of Balfour.

Sick Mrs. Basil could give her small comfort, though she did not attempt to defend their late visitor, as she had so unwarrantably appeared to do when discussing him with Charley.

"The man is gone, my dear," said she, wearily; "perhaps he may never come back: let us not meet troubles half-way. Charley has a kind, good heart"—for "the white witch" showed great favor to the lad at all times—"and all will come right at last."

She seemed too ill and weary to argue the matter, and Harry left her, as she thought, to repose. No sooner was she gone, however, than the closed lids of Mrs. Basil were opened wide, and revealed a sleepless and unutterable woe. Her sharp, pinched face showed pain and fear. Her parched lips muttered unceasingly words like these, which were, perhaps, the ravings of her fevered brain: "I am sure of it now, quite sure; those stags, those stags! There is no room for hope. His heart has become a stone, which no power can soften. It is no use to speak, or rather I am like one in a dream who watches murder done, and can not cry out."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]



EXECUTION OF A CHINESE CRIMINAL.—[See Page 794.]

INSIDE PARIS.

THE illustrations this week on our first page and on page 788 are interesting as showing the state of affairs within the walls of Paris, and some of the arrangements made for its defense. The first is a picturesque sketch of a group of Parisian volunteers guarding a postern gate of the fortified *enceinte* which protects the city. That on page 788 depicts a scene now daily to be witnessed at the butchers' shops in Paris—the long train, or *queue*, of patient people, mostly women, poor housewives or domestic servants, who stand waiting their turns for admission to buy the limited quantity of meat allowed for each person, as specified on the ticket to be shown before the purchase. A gentleman writes from that city: "The allowance of meat one is receiving now for six days is about equivalent to a good-sized steak. By restraining one's appetite one eats three days' allowance at a single meal, and trusts to Providence for the next two days. I set my *concièrge* to buy up the ration-cards of poor neighbors, so that as yet I have managed to get about six ounces of solid meat per day; but the odd thing is, you can't buy a scrap of cheese from one end of Paris to the other. One can understand milk, butter, and eggs failing; but cheese, which will keep for years, is another matter. It is the same with hams, tongues, and all that class of provisions." It is said the authorities intend to prohibit the sale of ration-cards by the poor, under severe penalties, as a practice that may entail sickness and still worse distress upon that part of the population.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

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New Serial.

MY WIFE AND I;

OR,

HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," etc.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

IT appears to me that the world is returning to its second childhood, and running mad for stories. Stories! Stories! Stories! every where; stories in every paper, in every crevice, crack, and corner of the house. Stories fall from the pen faster than leaves of autumn, and of as many shades and colorings. Stories blow over here in whirlwinds from England. Stories are translated from the French, from the Danish, from the Swedish, from the German, from the Russian. There are serial stories for adults in the *Atlantic*, in the *Overland*, in the *Galaxy*, in *Harper's*, in *Scribner's*. There are serial stories for youthful pilgrims in *Our Young Folks*, the *Little Corporal*, the *Riverside*, the *Youth's Companion*, and very soon we anticipate newspapers with serial stories for the nursery. We shall have those charmingly illustrated magazines, the *Cradle*, the *Rocking-Chair*, the *First Rattle*, and the *First Tooth*, with successive chapters of "Goosy Goosy Gander," and "Hickory Dickory Dock," and "Old Mother Hubbard," extending through twelve or twenty-four or forty-eight numbers.

I have often questioned what Solomon would have said if he had lived in our day. The poor man, it appears, was somewhat *blasé* with the abundance of literature in his times, and remarked that much study was a weariness to the flesh. Then, printing was not invented, and "books" were all copied by hand, in those very square Hebrew letters, where each letter is about as careful a bit of work as a gravestone. And yet, even with all those restrictions and circumscriptions, Solomon rather testily remarked: "Of making many books there is no end!" What would he have said had he looked over a modern publisher's catalogue?

It is understood now that no paper is complete without its serial story, and the spinning of these stories keeps thousands of wheels and spindles in motion. It is now understood that whoever wishes to gain the public ear, and to propound a new theory, must do it in a serial story. Hath any one in our day, as in St. Paul's, a psalm, a doctrine, a tongue, a revelation, an interpretation—forthwith he wraps it up in a serial story, and presents it to the public. We have prison discipline, free trade, labor and capital, woman's rights, the temperance question, in serial stories. We have Romanism and Protestantism, High Church and Low Church and no Church, contending with each other in serial stories, where each side converts the other, according to the faith of the narrator.

We see that this thing is to go on. Soon it will be necessary that every leading clergyman should embody his theology in a serial story, to be delivered from the pulpit Sunday after Sunday. We look forward to announcements in our city papers such as these: The Rev. Dr. Ignatius, of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, will begin a serial romance, to be entitled "St. Sebastian and the Arrows," in which he will embody the duties, the trials, and the temptations of the young Christians of our day. The Rev. Dr. Boanerges, of Plymouth Rock Church, will begin a serial story, entitled "Calvin's Daughter," in which he will discuss the distinctive features of Protestant theology. The Rev. Dr. Cool Shadow will go on with his interesting romance of "Christianity a Dissolving View"—designed to show how every thing is, in many respects, like every thing else, and all things lead somewhere, and every thing will finally end somehow, and that therefore it is important that every body should cultivate general sweetness, and have the very best time possible in this world.

By the time that all these romances get to going, the system of teaching by parables, and opening one's mouth in dark sayings, will be fully elaborated. *Pilgrim's Progress* will be nowhere. The way to the Celestial City will be as plain in every body's mind as the way up Broadway, and so much more interesting! Finally, all science and all art and all business will be explained, conducted, and directed by serial stories, till the present life and the life to come shall form only one grand romance. This will be about the time of the Millenium.

Meanwhile, I am going to furnish a serial story for the *Christian Union*, and I choose the subject that is in every body's mind and mouth, discussed on every platform, surging from every body's tongue, and coming home to every man's business and bosom, to wit:

MY WIFE AND I.

I trust that Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, and all the prophetesses of our day, will remark the humility and propriety of my title. It is not I and My Wife—oh no! It is My Wife and I. What am I, and what is my father's house, that I should go before my wife in any thing?

"But why specially for the *Christian Union*?" says Mr. Chadband. Let us in a spirit of love inquire.

Is it not evident why, O beloved? Is not that firm in human nature which stands under the title of MY WIFE AND I the oldest and most venerable form of Christian union on record? Where, I ask, will you find a better one?—a wiser, a stronger, a sweeter, a more universally popular and agreeable one?

To be sure, there have been times and seasons when this ancient and respectable firm has been attacked as a piece of old-fogyism, and various substitutes for it proposed. It has been said that "MY WIFE AND I" denoted a selfish, close corporation inconsistent with a general, all-sided, diffusive, universal benevolence. That MY WIFE AND I, in a millenial community, had no particular rights in each other more than any of the thousands of the brethren and sisters of the human race. They have said, too, that MY WIFE AND I, instead of an indissoluble unity, were only temporary partners, engaged on time, with the liberty of giving their month's notice and starting off to a new firm.

It is not thus that we understand the matter.

MY WIFE AND I, as we understand it, is the sign and symbol of more than any earthly partnership or union—of something sacred as religion, indissoluble as the soul, endless as eternity—the symbol chosen by Almighty Love to represent his redeeming, eternal union with the soul of man.

A fountain of eternal youth gushes near the hearth of every household. Each man and woman that have loved truly, have had their romance in life—their poetry in existence.

So I, in giving my history, disclaim all other. Look not for trap-doors, or haunted houses, or deadly conspiracies, or murders, or concealed crimes, in this history, for you will not find one. You shall have simply and only the old story—old as the first of Genesis—of Adam, stupid, desolate, and lonely without Eve, and how he sought and how he found her, and how they fared together thereafter.

This much, on mature consideration, I hold to be about the sum and substance of all the romances that have ever been written, and so long as there are new Adams and new Eves in each coming generation, it will not want for sympathetic listeners.

So I, Henry Henderson—a plain Yankee boy from the mountains of New Hampshire, and at present citizen of New York—commence my story.

My experiences have three stages:

First. My child-wife, or the experiences of Boyhood.

Second. My shadow-wife, or the experiences of my Youth.

Third. My real wife, where I saw her, how I sought and found her, and how we fared together.

In the course of these experiences, my good friends, you will find that we take occasion to discuss all sorts of modern and exciting topics, and to keep up with the spirit of this discussing age, when there is nothing which may not be considered an open question.

The above is the introductory chapter of a new and most charming tale by MRS. STOWE, commenced this week in the *Christian Union*, and to be continued during the year 1871. For sale by all newsdealers. The publishers, Messrs. J. B. FORD & Co., 39 Park Row, New York, offer to send the paper to subscribers two months FREE; that is, all subscriptions sent in between now and January, 1871, shall be credited from the beginning of this story fully up to January, 1872. The price of an annual subscription is three dollars. Following this is the prospectus of the paper. To every new subscriber is presented *Marshall's superb "Household Engraving of Washington,"* a work which has made the artist famous over Europe and America, and has never been sold for less than $5. With such a combination of attractions, it is not surprising that the *Christian Union* is taking the very front rank among religious newspapers.

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One of the very ablest papers that reaches us.—*Standard of the Cross*, Bishop McIlvaine's organ (Cincinnati, O.).

One of the leading weekly religious journals of the world.—*Pacific Christian Advocate* (San Francisco).

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FROM THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER, NOV. 12, 1870.

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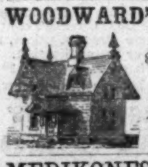

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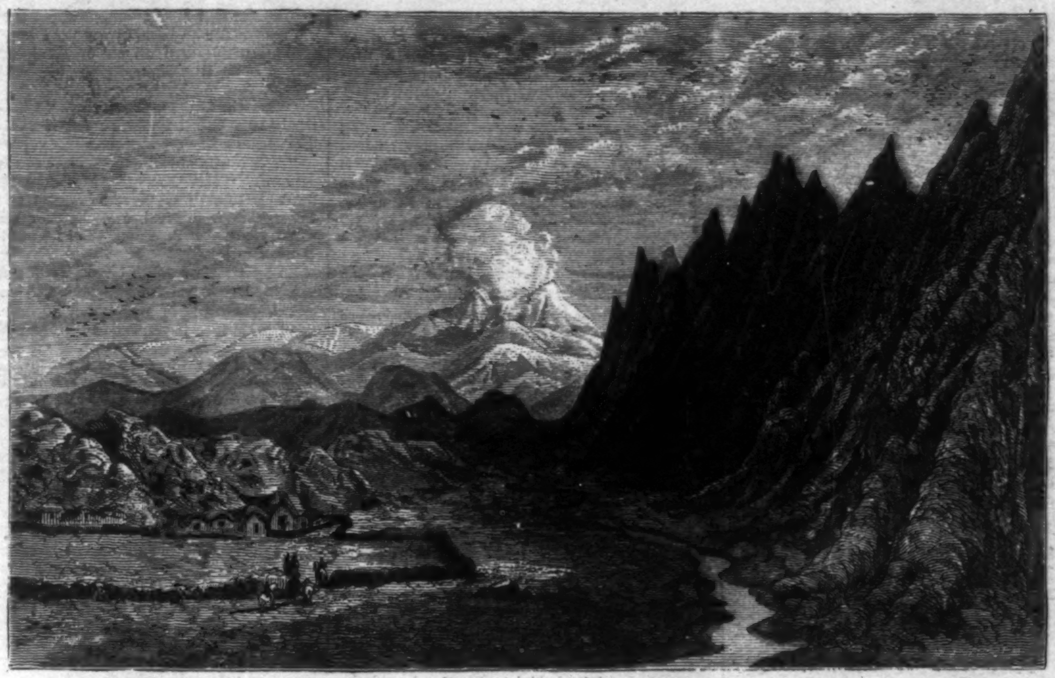
CHAPTER VII.

At the Foot of Mount Hecla.—Arrangements for the Ascent.—A toilsome Ride.—Appearance of the Crater.—A perilous Slide.—Descent into the Crater.—Native Curiosity.



SELSUND—HECLA IN THE DISTANCE.

SOON after passing through the desert described in the preceding chapter, our travelers arrived at Hankadolur, where the minister, after seeing that he was provided with the necessary attendance for the rest of his journey, took leave of his guest, and returned alone to his home. M. Nougaret went on till he reached Selsund, which was a little collection of huts not far from the foot of the mountain—a kind of settlement, of which neither the word village, nor hamlet, nor any other English word, in fact, would convey any conception. The Icelandic word by which such a nestling of human families is called is *boer*. The engraving will enable the reader to form some general idea of the situation and aspect of Selsund, as approached from the south, with the volcano in the distance.

The minister of Thyorsarholt, to whom M. Nougaret had explained, in Latin, his wishes in respect to the ascent of the mountain, had sent a message by the attendant whom he engaged at Hankadolur to accompany the traveler to Selsund, and by this means the people there obtained a general idea of M. Nougaret's plans and wishes. The wife of the man on whom the duty would devolve of going to the mountain as guide seemed to be put quite out of humor by the arrival of the stranger, as the result of it would be to take her husband away from home, and expose him not only to great fatigue, but to some danger, especially as the mountain had been "uneasy" for some time past, and threatened an eruption. M. Nougaret tried to appease and conciliate her by presents and attentions, but with very little success. She continued morose, and apparently very unhappy.

The man made signs of taking out M. Nougaret's watch, and then pointed to the mountain, by way of inquiring at what hour on the following day he wished to set out. M. Nougaret replied by producing the watch and pointing to the figure four.

Accordingly at four o'clock the next morning he was awakened, and the arrangements began to be made for departure; but so numerous were the preparations required, and there were so many delays, part of which were occasioned by the evident disposition of the poor wife to do every thing in her power to retard and, if possible, to prevent the departure of her husband, that the process of preparation was very slow.

At length, however, about ten o'clock every thing was ready, and the traveler and his guide set out. They were to go to the foot of the mountain—a distance of some miles—on horseback, and then, leaving their horses, were to climb the remaining three or four thousand feet on foot. They arrived at the end of that part of the ascent which was practicable for horses about five o'clock—that is, after a six or seven hours' ride over a way encumbered with sharp rocks, ragged defiles, heaps of scoriæ, and beds of volcanic ashes and sand. Greatly fatigued with the difficulties of the way, and mentally exhausted by the excitements and the dangers through which they had passed, they at once encamped on the spot for the night—if night the period might be called during which the sun glides along the horizon, dipping only for two or three hours a little below. They found a place of shelter in a corner formed by a turn in an ancient lava current, and there, after making their supper from a portion of the provisions which they had brought with them, they lay down, and protecting themselves as well as they could with such coverings as they had at hand, they went to sleep.

When the watch indicated that it was time to consider it morning they rose, and, having secured their horses properly, set out on the final ascent, taking with them such provisions and extra clothing as they should require during the day. Their progress, difficult and dangerous as it was on other accounts, was much impeded by a very dense fog, which rose and covered the whole mountain, and which in many places became so dense as to render it almost impossible to proceed. They, however, persevered. They soon began to encounter vast masses of ice and snow, which they were obliged either to traverse with great danger and fatigue, or to avoid by long detours. The engraving represents the kind of views they had of the mountain at such times as the fog lifted so as to open the prospect.

CURIOSITY TO SEE THE STRANGER.

The summit of the mountain forms a vast crater, surrounded by a crust or ridge, left there apparently by the sinking in of the central portion after some great eruption. Our traveler and his guide ascended to this ridge, though the fog had now shut them in so that nothing of the interior could be seen, but only a declivity of ice and snow sloping toward it. M. Nougaret, having gone on somewhat in advance of his guide, undertook to creep down this slope a little way, thinking that when he reached the brink of the precipice he could look over into the abyss below. Soon, however, his foot slipped, and he began to slide forward. There was nothing to seize hold of to arrest his descent, and he instinctively struck his iron-pointed pike into the ice before him. The staff broke in his hand. He grasped the lower part, leaving the other to slide down the remaining portion of the declivity, and to shoot over the edge of the precipice into the crater, while he stopped his own progress by coming astride upon the part which was saved, and which was wedged fast in a fissure in the ice.

The guide soon came to the place, and, creeping down as near the spot as possible, he extended his own pikestaff toward the unfortunate traveler until he could reach and grasp the end of it, and in that way aided him in crawling up, on his hands and knees, out of his dangerous position.

Our adventurer wisely determined after this to abandon the idea of exploring the crater from the crest above, and he and his guide, proceeding to the best place of shelter that they could find, sat down to dine upon the provisions which they had brought with them, hoping that by the time their meal was finished the fog might perhaps have cleared away. This expectation was, in fact, realized. A shower of rain fell, after which the fog "lifted," and the whole scene before them was opened to view.

They saw that the crest which surrounded the crater was not entirely continuous. There was a break upon one side, forming an opening by means of which it seemed that access to the interior might easily be gained. M. Nougaret determined to attempt this route, but remembering the anxiety and distress which the wife of the guide had felt in respect to the safety of her husband, he determined to make the attempt alone. So, making an appointment with the guide in respect to the place of meeting him when he came out, he began to creep and slide down the slope of rock and ice which descended toward the breach in the crest, and then went in.

He found himself in the midst of a vast cavity, of nearly circular form, three or four hundred feet in diameter, and surrounded by a range of cliffs one or two hundred feet high. The floor was covered with masses of lava and heaps of volcanic ashes, and here and there openings were seen, through which columns of steam and of sulphureous vapors were ascending. So dense were these vapors that in some places M. Nougaret was obliged to fan himself with his handkerchief to get breath. Besides these open vents, there were others which had formerly been open, but were now closed. Some had accidentally been choked up by the lava and ashes which had accumulated over and around them, while others were covered with ice and snow.

By going round to the windward side of one of the openings M. Nougaret found that he could approach so near as to peep over the edge and look down. He saw, at what seemed to him a distance of several hundred feet below, a glow of light, which seemed to come and go in flashes, and was accompanied by bluish flames, like those produced by the combustion of carbonic oxide or sulphureted hydrogen. Finally he threw a block of lava down one of these chimneys. He could hear it for several seconds thundering down through the winding passage-way, and then, after the lapse of about half a minute, a great commotion seemed to be produced by it below, and fresh bursts of steam and even flashes of flame came up to the surface, and issued forth, not only from the orifice into which the stone had been thrown, but from several others near.

M. Nougaret remained in the crater, he says, for three hours, exploring it in every part, and collecting specimens. Then he came out and descended the mountain to rejoin his guide at the place where the horses had been left, where he had directed the guide to await his arrival. He found him in a state of tipsy silliness and incapability, from having, in the absence of his master, found his way to a bottle of brandy which had been brought, by way of precaution, among the other stores.

Our traveler found, on his return to the villages, that his visit to the region had become known, and had made quite a sensation among the peasants—so much so that wherever he stopped, at any way-side cabin, the people came running with the utmost eagerness from their work of hay-making in the fields, to see and hear the stranger. Some came running on foot, with their

GOING INTO THE CRATER.

scythes and rude pitchforks on their shoulders. Others mounted horses, when they were at hand, for greater speed. The means of communication, however, with the stranger when they arrived on the spot were very limited and unsatisfactory, being confined altogether to dumb-show. They had at any rate the satisfaction of looking upon a foreigner who had come some thousands of miles from beyond the seas to ascend their mountain.

Indeed, as he traveled on day after day, on his return toward his port of embarkation, our traveler found the hospitalities of the people somewhat embarrassing. He returned by a route lying nearer the sea than the one by which he came, and that led him through a somewhat more settled portion of the country; and at every hut that he passed the dogs about the door and on the roof would bark in noisy welcome, the horses would stop, the guide would dismount, the peasant's whole family would come to the door and insist upon the traveler's going in. On accepting the invitation M. Nougaret would be ushered into the best room, refreshments would be spread before him, consisting of coffee, and of biscuits made of Iceland moss, and the whole family would stand around questioning the guide, and listening to his stories, while M. Nougaret himself would partake of the refreshments in silence —not being able to offer any of his hospitable entertainers a single intelligible word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WEDDING RING.

ONLY a well-worn hoop of gold,
Unlit by any glow
Of rainbow gem, a ring that told
Its story long ago.

Only a circlet dimm'd and thin
With wedded years of life,
Whose memories cloud my soul within
With sorrow-shaded strife.

Only a cincture clasping fast
Two separate lives in one,
That calls to mind the sunny Past,
Yet leaves me still alone.

Only a relic of the joy
In days no more to be,
Of thoughts Regret alone can cloy,
Never again for me.

Only a treasure from the hand
No more to rest in mine,
But pass'd into the voiceless land,
Beyond the hills divine.

Only a pledge of mutual love,
Of love that ne'er shall fade,
Though Death has call'd those lips above
That sacred plightings made.

Only an earnest of the troth
Nor Time nor aught can bend,
But ever still will bind us both
Unwavering to the end.

Small as the circlet is, it bound
All-close her love to mine.
Now *she* is gone, but steadfast round
My soul its pledges twine.

Never again its gold shall thread
Her yielding finger's snow;
Never—not e'en when graves their dead
Have loosed from sleep below.

Never again! But as one thought,
In realms of perfect peace,
Our hearts shall beat, with rapture fraught,
When Death gives me release.

THE WRECK OF THE "SIREN."

I.

IT was a Sunday morning in June, and the large ship, newly built for the African trade by Messrs. M'Guffog and M'Cash, thriving Glasgow merchants, stood ready in the dock for launching on the Monday. The figure-head of the *Siren*, with its fair, beguiling face and long, streaming hair, facing the Clyde, seemed smiling defiantly at the thought of the adventures in which it was to share. The fine lines of the vessel, the strong, graceful curves, the massive proportions of the untried ship, were being especially exulted in by two men of the crew, who were walking round her, and eying her with all the studious unction with which dealers eye a blood-horse.

"I tell you, Mr. Mackay," said Patterson, the elder of the two, a grim old "Sandimanian" boatswain, "that there'll never be luck with a vessel that, instead of bearing the name of one of the great prophets or kings in the Old Testament, is to be christened after one of Satan's warlocks, a grand-daughter, nae doot, of that Scarlet Woman mentioned in the Revelations, and there so very deservedly censured."

"Tut, tut, man!" said his companion, a young, bright, frank-looking fellow, with brown, curling hair, who was to be first mate; "don't you know it is the likeness of Mary Cameron, our captain's young wife? She is as beautiful as an angel, and quite as good. She would bring a blessing on any ship. She is going out with us."

"All the worse for us, Mr. Mackay; there's always mischief where there's a woman. From Eve downward, they were always kittle-cattle. I'm sorry for it, Mr. Mackay, very sorry. I never sailed with a captain's wife but once, and then we ran on the coast of New Holland, and half of us were eaten by cannibals. I call it vary presumptuous, putting the face of a real woman on the figure-head of a vessel. It's joost making an idol of the girl."

"Stuff! I only wish I had been the man who carved and gilded it. Hang me, but I'd have kissed it at parting! She is the sunniest, winsomest wee thing, I tell you, that ever trod the shores of the Clyde!"

"And who may this paragon of yours be, Mr. Mackay?" said a voice which made the young man start, turn round, and perceptibly redden. It was Mr. M'Cash, with the captain and the captain's wife. They had at that moment come suddenly round the corner of a stack of timber.

"I was only speaking of a young lady I know," said Mackay, "and telling Patterson that she was rather like the *Siren's* figure-head."

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Cameron?" said the old merchant, turning round, smiling. "Why, there never could be two people like our fair siren. You really ought to be jealous."

"I dare swear, Mary," said the captain, "that there will not be a man on board who will not fancy that the *Siren* is the exact image of the woman he loves best—wife, sister, or sweet-heart. You mustn't make my Mary vain, Mr. M'Cash."

"This is to be your last voyage, Captain Cameron, I am sorry to hear?" said the merchant.

"Well, so I promised Mary when we joined hands; but I shall find it hard, I think, to leave so good a ship. What a beauty she is!"

"And holds more than any vessel we have."

"She'll skim like a swallow," said the captain's wife. "Don't you think she'll be very fast, Mr. Mackay?"

A slight blush rose on the cheek of Mrs. Cameron as she kindly put this question, to prevent the young man feeling left out of the conversation.

"Yes, I think she'll be very fast," said the mate, with an air rather of veneration than respect; "she has all the look of it."

"Ay, I tell you she'll show them the way," said M'Cash. "She'll be faster than the *Petrel*, and that's saying a great deal, a very great deal, for the *Petrel's* the fastest thing out of Glasgow."

The launch took place the next day. There was great cheering as pretty Mrs. Cameron dashed the bottle of wine against the ship's side, and called out in her sweet, clear voice,

"I name this ship the *Siren*."

Then the flags flew rejoicingly, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, six small ship's cannon were discharged to announce the important event, and the new ship glided down into the Clyde, eager to venture on her new element. Every body was smiling, shouting, or congratulating somebody else; but Patterson was still obdurate.

"Nae, nae," he said, "it's a pagan business, and will never bring luck to Christian people. *Siren*, indeed! What was a siren but joost a hizzie that ought to have been whipped at the cart's tail? I've no patience with such nonsense. There's no luck in it. I feel that. No—no whisky, thanky; I'll not drink a drop at such a heathen christening, though mayhap I'll take a double caulker to-night to the ship's health."

"There's no moving Patterson," said a sour-looking creole, who was to be second mate, and who had stood next Mackay during the launching; "he's such a pig-headed fellow. How pretty the captain's wife looked at the launch! By Jove! she's far too good for an old salt like that; she ought to have married a duke!"

"Yes, she is pretty," said Mackay, half reluctantly.

"That's very cold praise; why, man alive, you used to be far more enthusiastic."

"'Tis all the praise I care to give just now, Watson."

"Oh, please yourself," said the creole, with a glance that made the white part of his eyes become a reddish yellow; "but we used to fancy you were rather smitten with her, for you talked of nothing else after we first met her together at M'Guffog's office."

"I do not care to remember the foolish things I then said."

"Oh, you don't," said Watson, spitefully. "Very well, then, don't; but I sha'n't forget them." And then to himself, as he turned on his heel, he muttered, "Nor shall the captain, when I've once told him about this upstart fool, who tries already to crow over me."

II.

It was beautiful to see the young wife in the evening pacing the deck with the old captain, happy as an angel; the men following her with admiring glances, the very ship's boys eager to run on errands for her. As the *Siren* got nearer the coast of Africa an awning was raised over the quarter-deck, and there of an evening she used to sing in a way that even old Patterson said was enough to melt the heart of a shark. The voyage hitherto had been swift and prosperous. One night the captain came on deck suddenly to see how things were getting on. He was leaning over the bulwarks, smoking with placid content, when Watson came up and began talking to him of the rapid run the ship had made.

"Is Mackay below, Sir?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes, Watson; he's playing some flute music to Mrs. Cameron."

Watson sighed deeply, then looked intently out to sea, knit his brows, and sighed deeper than before.

"Why, Watson," said the captain, who had twice asked him a question without receiving an answer—"why, what's the matter? You're dull as ditch-water. You can't be in love?"

"I'm quite well, Sir," said Watson, listlessly.

"Now, look here, man; as your superior officer, I insist on knowing what is on your mind," said the honest captain, laying his hand on the creole's shoulder.

Watson was still silent.

"I shall be very angry, remember, Watson, if you do not tell me; indeed I shall grow suspicious of some mischief. There's no mutiny among the men? No danger about the cargo? No fear of fire?—nothing wrong, I hope?"

Watson assumed an air of frankness as he turned round to his interrogator, his face lightening up.

"Captain Cameron," he said, "I do think it would have been happier for you if you had not brought Mackay as first mate this voyage."

"Why, what of him?" said the astonished captain. "He's one of the best of fellows—frank, generous; we have become quite friends. Besides, he is musical, and my dear wife finds him a pleasant companion when we are together in the evening."

"Captain Cameron," hissed the creole in his ear, "I have a painful secret to tell you. I am afraid Mackay is in love with your wife. I do not say his love is returned, but I am sure that he loves her; indeed, he has told me so. I feel bound as a friend to tell you this."

The captain staggered back against the bulwark, and clasped it, or he would have fallen.

"Watson," he said, after a long silence broken only by a groan, "you are my friend indeed; but yet what you have told me has cut my very heart in two. But Mary's true—she's true! He, you say, told you he loved my Mary?"

"He told me so last night when we were pacing together, just after you left us to turn in."

"Watson, if I thought he had dared to tell her his love, I would throw him to the sharks. Give me your hand. I'll see to this. But Mary is true—I'm sure of that; nothing shall shake me in that—she's true. Fool that I was, not to see what that fellow's smooth speeches and shy manners meant! Ah! I remember now; yes, I've seen him color when they met."

The poison was working fast. The unhappy man, tossed in a moment from heaven to hell, strode down stairs to the cabin. The two were talking. Cameron listened guiltily—for he was ashamed of his meanness—before he opened the door.

"Now do tell me who she was that you were praising in the ship-yard," said his wife's voice. "I always felt so curious to know who the lassie was who had stolen away your heart. Were her eyes blue like mine? Was her hair golden?"

"Her hair and eyes were nearly of your color."

"You were saying, I remember, that her face was like the siren; so she must have been like me—you could not conceal that from me."

"Well, she was not very unlike you; but don't ask me any more. I don't want to tell you who she was. That's my secret."

"Come, then, come, let us try 'Auld Robin Grey' again."

Just then the door burst open, and the captain appeared. "Mary," he said, "enough of that singing for to-night. I've got a headache. Mackay, go on deck, Sir; go and attend to your duties; you must not spend so much time away from the men. It's hard on Watson. Go up at once."

Mackay, startled at the change in the captain's manner, left abruptly, after wishing Mrs. Cameron good-night.

"Why, Donald," said Mrs. Cameron, throwing her arms round his neck, "what ails you? You do not look yourself to-night. Let me kiss your dear old forehead—let me kiss it, dear—that 'll soon make it well."

"I want no nonsense, Mary. I feel a bad pain at my heart, I tell you, a very bad pain."

In a moment the woman's nature was roused. She flew to her husband, knelt by him, held his hand, and rested his head on her shoulder. She was the patient, loving nurse; her girlish playfulness was all cast aside.

"If I didn't know the captain so well," thought Mackay to himself, as he walked to the binnacle, the lamp of which was just lit, "I should really have thought he was jealous. I hope he has not caught one of those infernal African fevers. Why, his eyes quite glared."

"The captain is out of sorts—quite rusty, I declare," said Watson, as they met soon after on deck. "I never saw him so before."

The next morning the captain wished to alter the ship's course. He was sure there was an error in the reckoning, and that they had passed Cape Algo in the night.

"I still think that Cape Algo is before us, captain," said Mackay, in his frank, cheery way. "Those were only clouds we saw at daybreak. We are getting too near land, Sir, quite to the east of the usual track."

"Do you dare to teach your captain?" burst out Cameron. "Do you dare to spread insubordination among my men? You bear witness, Watson, that this man has insulted me on my own deck. Another word, Sir, and I'll strike you to the ground."

A little soft hand caught his uplifted arm. It was his wife's.

"Donald," she said—"Donald! Oh, think of what you do! Mr. Mackay has done nothing to deserve this anger. He only suggested a doubt. It was his duty, you know, to do that."

The captain grasped his wife by the wrist till she groaned for pain, and drew her toward the cabin stairs.

"I'll have no interference in these matters, woman. I know whom I can trust and whom I can not. An American captain would have shot that man down. Mr. Mackay, henceforward I only wish to speak to you when on duty; mind that."

"The captain's lost his head," said Patterson to Mackay. "He's joost clean demented, or he'd never have used those words. We're far out of our course. The luck's against the *Siren* now. God help us, for man can't! And that loving little wife, how he clutched her arm! Well, if it is not the drink, there must be something wrong in his brain. Never mind, Mr. Mackay, the crew all like you, Sir, and we'll stand by you when we get back. He'll be sorry for this to-morrow."

"But we shall never be friends again," said Mackay, "and I suppose I must not speak to that noble wife of his any more. Heaven send me strength to bear this injustice; but it is hard."

"So hard, my dear Mackay," said Watson, who stood by his side as the captain left the deck, "that some men would have struck the fellow for being so savage, and raising his hand at you as if you were a dog. I'd have revenge."

"No; I'll never turn mutineer," said Mackay. "My conscience is pure, and I can clear myself to the owners. Is it possible, Watson, do you think, that some villain has been infusing suspicions of me into his mind?"

Watson was silent for a moment; then he said: "The men all like you. Perhaps it's that false wife of Cameron's."

"No," said Mackay, with generous warmth; "I'd as soon believe that a voice from one of the stars had told him that I was his enemy, or that something from the sea had said that I was dangerous to the ship."

III.

Mackay was right. One hour after midnight, in the midst of a storm, the *Siren* struck, with a tremendous shock that shattered the unhappy vessel, on a great reef two miles to the south of Cape Algo. The water instantly poured in with such terrific force that before more than twenty of the crew had escaped, screaming and shouting, to the main-top, the ship had filled to her decks. In that wild driving storm, in the darkness and the terror, no one of the half-clothed men who clung to the main-top knew at first who was saved, except now and then that a name was shouted or replied to. The captain and his wife were there, Mackay was saved, and Patterson and Watson were also among the survivors. Patterson and a ship's boy had lashed themselves to the rigging higher up than the rest; the hungry waves roared ceaselessly below for their prey.

When day broke luridly on the unhappy band it shone on the pale face of the captain, who had been injured in his efforts to escape, and had with difficulty been rescued. He was wildly delirious. His brave wife held him up in her arms, and was trying in vain to soothe him. It would have made a savage's heart bleed to see her wiping away the clammy moisture that kept arising upon his brow.

"They're starving me!" he cried; "they're starving me! They tied me here, Mary and her lover, curse them!—tied me here to starve! They've tied me in reach of the sharks; there, I see one now coming at me; he is turning now. Oh, save me! gracious God, save me from this horrible death! Who's this holding me? What, Mary! let me strike her in the face, the wanton; let me kill her; she has come to mock me!"

Weak as he was, the madman would have struck the poor weeping woman who clung beside him, had not Mackay and another sailor held him back.

"Mr. Mackay," she said, "for the love of Heaven, tell me if any one that has escaped has saved any food, and would give me only a mouthful for Donald. Have we any hope? Is there any hope?" (She said these last words in a whisper.)

"There is but little hope, Mrs. Cameron," said Mackay, in a low voice—"but little hope. We have no food, and unless some vessel pass within hail within a few hours we must one by one be washed off in the first storm that rises."

Mr. Mackay asked the men all round. Some, sullen with despair, and huddled together, cold and shivering, would not utter a word in reply. There was no food. One man had had a bit of bread and meat he had found in his pocket when the shock came, but that he had eaten. Then Mr. Mackay shouted to Patterson and the boy.

"Not a crumb, Mr. Mackay," said Patterson. "The Lord forgive me for what I've wasted when I was in the land of Goshen, by which I mean Fifeshire! Ah, Mr. Mackay, food is no use now; it's but a short time we have to live!"

The boy shouted that he had two biscuits, but he meant to keep them.

"Go up and kill him," said Watson.

Mrs. Cameron raised herself on to her knees. "Mr. Mackay," she said, "I know you are generous and brave; you will help me to save Donald. Under his waistcoat there is a belt; that belt contains five thousand pounds of the owners' money. Offer the boy money for one of those biscuits."

Mackay took the belt, the captain all the while screaming, "They'll murder me! Mary has sent them to murder me and steal my money! The sharks are nearer now; I can see their teeth glitter in the foam; they are close to me now; merciful God, save me, save me!"

"I only wish they had you tight," growled Watson.

Mackay took the money, and held up half a dozen sovereigns to the boy, who leaned over and glared at the money.

"Tom," said he, "I'll give you six sovereigns for that biscuit."

"Go up and tear it from him," said Watson.

"Won't take it," said the boy. "There!"

"A dozen?"

"I want it to keep my own life in. What use is money to me now, mister?"

"Twenty? Think of twenty pounds for a biscuit!"

"No, Mr. Mackay, it's not enough. I know the value of the grub; it'll keep me alive for a day."

"Forty?—fifty, Tom?"

"No; life's as dear to me as to you. I tell you I don't want to part with the biscuit."

"A hundred?" Mackay shook the belt.

"No; my life's dearer to me than the captain's is."

"Two hundred?"

"No."

"Five hundred?"

"No."

"Eight hundred?"

"No; but give me a thousand," shouted the boy sullenly, yet greedily, "and I'll take my chance of a vessel coming or not. Here it is; hand up the money. If I'm saved, I'll go home to Dundee a rich man. Hoorah!"

"Bring down the biscuit."

"Yes, likely! and have you snatch it before I get the money. Not likely!"

Mackay, faint as he was, clambered slowly to where the boy lay tied to a spar, and angrily handing the money, received the biscuit.

"Ah, man," said Patterson, who was too weak to rise, "what did I say about the *Siren?* Didn't I always say there was no luck about her? A curse on her and she who named her! But no, no; I won't curse the bonny lady. Look at her yonder, bless her! See, she's praying for us!"

"Mary," said Mackay—for danger seemed to render this familiarity natural now—"Mary, there is the biscuit. Let me crush it into a paste with some salt-water, and give it poor Donald."

Mary wept for joy when she saw the food, pressed Mackay's hand, and crept toward the delirious man with the treasure.

But he pushed her savagely from him.

"No," he said, "no; it's poisoned. I heard you tell your lover there that you'd soon get rid of the old man. No, no; better die here."

Two of the sailors at last forced a little down the madman's throat; then he forgot his fears and ate it greedily.

Near sunset he grew worse. He fancied himself at the village church with Mary, or by his own fireside. His last thoughts were of returning up the Clyde after a happy voyage.

"There, Mary," he said, "look on the wharf. Look, there's M'Guffog waving his hat to us, and M'Cash, too, is getting into a boat to come on board. Stand by the gangway there, some of you! But look now; why, the shore-lights are all gone out, and I hear a bell tolling, tolling. Mary, where are you? There's something wrong on shore. Help! help! the vessel's sinking, Mary, Mary!"

Then he relapsed into a torpor, from which he never woke. At daybreak they found him dead, Mary's head resting upon his breast. She had become insensible from hunger and fatigue.

Mackay felt her heart; it still beat. Then he took her in his arms, and ordered the two strongest men surviving to unlash the captain's body and let it fall into the sea.

"He ought to have gone there a day sooner," said Watson; "he wasn't worth keeping alive. If I loved a man's wife, I wouldn't so much care what became of the husband. But what matter? we shall none of us last another day."

"Who was that fell off in the night?" said Mackay to the miserable wretch whom no suffering could soften. Death was familiar to them now.

"It was that fool, Tom. Much good his thousand pounds did him," said Watson, very faintly, but still in his old bitter way.

There were only six left alive now.

By the faint morning light of the third day Mackay bent over the insensible woman who lay by his side. She looked very beautiful in her sleep, calm and peaceful, as if sorrow had never shadowed her brow. Her glorious hair was disheveled and entangled with the rigging. Mackay freed it with a lover's care. (He felt now a love unutterable and hitherto repressed filling his heart.) Her eyes opened slowly, a smile of peace passed over her face. He pressed her hand softly and uttered her name.

"I am ready for death now," she said; "I'm ready to join Donald. I have been dreaming that he was calling me from heaven to join him."

"There is no help for us," said Mackay. "Mary, now in this our last hour let us recommend ourselves to God. All hope is over."

She placed her hand calmly in his, and they prayed together fervently for a speedy and peaceful death. Then a faintness seized them, and they fell asleep. It was just then that Patterson above gave a faint cry of joy, but they heard him not.

IV.

English voices aroused them, English hands were unlashing them from the rigging. An English vessel, the *Swiftsure* frigate, had seen the fragment of the wreck and its flying signals, and borne down to their help. A few days of careful nursing restored them to some reasonable strength. Mary Cameron, to Mackay's great joy, recovered quickly.

The first night of their convalescence Watson came to Mackay and drew him apart.

"Mackay," said he, "I see you'll marry that young widow, but I don't envy you. I look to more substantial prizes. Come, I want my share of that four thousand pounds in the captain's belt."

"That belt I shall restore to-morrow to Mrs. Cameron; it is none of mine."

"Two thousand pounds I mean to have, whether you choose or no. I want to start fair again after this cursed business."

"Then get the money if you can; I sha'n't help you to it. It belongs to M'Guffog and M'Cash, and to them it goes."

"Only Patterson, man, knows it has been saved; and we'll soon buy his secrecy. Don't affect sanctity at your time of life. Come, let's share it, lad."

"Watson, I tell you once for all you mistake me. I shall surrender that money to-morrow."

"Then, Mackay, you shall repent it as sure as the sun rises, for that money I mean to have."

"Do your worst."

"I will do my worst, and bad it shall be."

And so, with mutual threat and defiance, the two men parted. The frozen snake had soon revived.

"Take care of that man," said Patterson; "he's a limb of Satan, and, depend upon it, he made that mischief for you with the captain. He was always jealous of you. Aweel, aweel, the *Siren* was an unlucky craft for all of us."

"In those long, burning days and those stormy nights, when the waves beat in drifts of white fire around us, and one by one the dying men let go their hold or died lashed to their places, one thought cheered me, one only," said Mackay that evening to Mary Cameron as they stood together watching the moon rising above the great sea of fluid silver; "and that thought was, that while my heart still beat I could guard you, Mary."

The answer was a woman's answer—silence. But there was hope for Mackay even in that silence; their two hearts were beginning to beat in unison; love was rising bright above their path.

Mackay would say no more then. At a future time, when her grief lessened, he would press his suit; for he knew how Mary had loved Donald.

At that moment the captain's boy ran up, and requested Mr. Mackay and Mrs. Cameron would come to the captain in his cabin; he wished to see them on business. They went, and found the chief officers assembled, and Watson seated near them at a table. There was a malignant compression about his lips as they entered.

"Alexander Mackay," said the captain, "we rescued you five days ago from a situation of extreme peril. You had survived, indeed, hardships incredible—cold, heat, hunger, thirst, and wreck. We rejoiced, as any Englishman would, in that work of mercy. You described yourself to us as first mate of the *Siren*, bound from Glasgow to Bonny for palm-oil and gold dust. You told us the vessel ran on the reef where we found you, owing to the captain having rejected your advice. We now find that you ran the vessel on the reef by accident, after having, by help of the woman whom we saved, murdered the captain, aided by this man Patterson."

"That's a d—— lie!" said Patterson, who was standing among the spectators.

"Silence there!" roared the first lieutenant.

"Four thousand pounds belonging to the lost vessel you now carry secreted on your person. What do you say to this charge? Do you deny that you have that money about you?"

"I do not deny it," said Mackay, boldly, placing Mrs. Cameron, who had fainted, on a seat, and giving her in charge of the kindly doctor, who had watched her with the intensest solicitude from the first moment of the rescue. "Here is the money. The rest of the story is the wicked invention of this man" (turning round to where Watson sat, a malicious smile upon his hard face). "It was he who threatened me unless I shared the money with him. He is an old enemy, I fear, of mine. Does this innocent woman look like an accomplice in a murder? Oh, captain, have mercy upon her! Some survivors may yet be found to clear us of this charge, brought against us on the evidence of only one man."

"And he a son of perdition!" said Patterson; "a regular limb of Satan, if ever there was one, sent about to work mischief. Mr. Mackay tended our captain, Sir, like a son, to the last, although he had been badly treated by him."

"It is not for me to judge," said the captain. "But still on this evidence I am bound to order the two men, Mackay and Patterson, to be placed in irons as suspected murderers of Captain Cameron, of the *Siren* merchant vessel, bound to Bonny. The woman will also be placed under restraint."

"I think," said the doctor, who suddenly came forward, "that I might throw some little light on this case, and somewhat serve the prisoners. Let me ask a few questions?—Mr. Watson, were you ever at Cuba?"

"Never, Sir."

"As I thought. Six years ago, captain, I was doctor on board the *Jason* frigate, then stationed at Bermuda. Obtaining leave of absence, I ran over to Cuba, and there visited the court of justice, just then occupied with the trial of Juan Jackson, a creole clerk, who had robbed and murdered the merchant who employed him. He was sentenced to be garroted, but escaped by bribing the guards the night before the execution."

While the doctor had been speaking a dreadful change had taken place in Watson's face. He had turned white as a corpse, then livid, as if about to be struck down with a fit.

"That man," said the doctor, suddenly turning round and pointing at Watson, "was the creole I heard sentenced to death. You see he can not deny it. Can you, then, believe the wild accusation of such a man against his three companions, one of whom, indeed, charges him with having endeavored to persuade him to steal and divide the ship's money?"

"Arrest that man Watson," said the captain—"the evidence is sufficient—and release the other prisoners for the present."

But before he could be seized Watson, with a yell of madness, had drawn a long Spanish knife, and fought his way up the cabin stairs. Several sailors ran to strike him down, but before they could reach him the desperate fellow had thrown himself over the side of the vessel. As the men looked there was a splash of white just where Watson had fallen; one stifled scream; a mist of froth, as if a dozen ravenous monsters were fighting for their prey; then a long trail of blood rose upon the waves that had closed over the murderer.

"Those sharks were waiting for the rascal," said Patterson afterward; "that's as evident to me, Mr. Mackay, as if I saw it written in the sun. He had lived his time. He was wanted, eh, man? An inch nearer, and he'd have had his gully in me. God be thanked for that escape!"

The innocence of Mackay and Mary Cameron was now evident. A year from that day Mackay and Mary Cameron were married. Messrs. M'Guffog and M'Cash last year appointed Mackay captain of their largest vessel. Patterson goes out as his boatswain. There is not, as every one in Glasgow says, a more reliable captain in the merchant service than Alexander Mackay. After that time of bitter trouble the rainbow of peace had risen above Mary and her husband. They still often talk of that Sunday before the launching, when they both went to see the new vessel, and Patterson predicted evil of the good ship the *Siren*, whose figure-head bore so great a resemblance to the mysterious object of Mackay's admiration.

SURF-SWIMMERS.

CAPTAIN COOK, whose "Voyages" is now a book seldom read, gives the following spirited account of the surf-swimming of the Sandwich Islanders, which will not improbably be new to many of our younger readers: "The surf, which breaks on the coast round the bay, extends to the distance of about 150 yards from the shore, within which space the surges of the sea, accumulating from the shallowness of the water, are dashed against the beach with prodigious violence. Whenever, from stormy weather, or any extraordinary swell at sea, the impetuosity of the surf is increased to its utmost height, they choose that time for this amusement, which is performed in the following manner: Twenty or thirty of the natives, taking each a long, narrow board, rounded at the ends, set out together from the shore. The first wave they meet they plunge under, and, suffering it to roll over them, rise again beyond it, and make the best of their way by swimming out into the sea. The second wave is encountered in the same manner as the first, the great difficulty consisting in seizing the proper moment of diving under it, which, if missed, the person is caught by the surf, and driven back again with great violence, and all his dexterity is then required to prevent himself from being dashed against the rocks. As soon as they have gained, by their repeated efforts, the smooth water beyond the surf, they lay themselves at length on their board, and prepare for return. As the surf consists of a number of waves, of which every third is remarked to be always much larger than the others, and to flow higher on the shore, the rest breaking in the intermediate space, their first object is to place themselves on the summit of the largest surge, by which they are driven along with amazing rapidity toward the shore. If by mistake they should place themselves on one of the smaller waves which break up before they reach the land, or should not be able to keep their plank in a proper direction on the top of the swell, they are left exposed to the fury of the next, and to avoid it are obliged again to dive and regain the place from which they set out. Those who succeed in their object of reaching the shore have still the greatest danger to encounter. The coast being guarded by a chain of rocks, with here and there a small opening between them, they are obliged to steer their board through one of these, or, in case of failure, to quit it before they reach the rocks, and, plunging under the wave, make the best of their way back again. This is reckoned very disgraceful, and is also attended with the loss of the board, which I have often seen, with great terror, dashed to pieces at the very moment the islander quitted it. The boldness and address with which we saw them perform their difficult and dangerous manœuvres was altogether astonishing, and is scarcely to be credited."

These swimmers used often to pass nearly a mile seaward in order to enjoy the rapid motion of their return as long as possible. Both sexes and all ranks unite in it, and even the very chiefs themselves, who have attained to the corpulency which they so much admire, join in the game of surf-swimming with the meanest of their subjects. Some of the performers acquire a wonderful amount of skill, and, not content with lying on the board, sit, kneel, and even stand upon it as they are hurled shoreward by the giant waves. The boards are of various sizes, according to the age and station of the owner. For adults they are about six feet in length. They are slightly convex on both sides, and are kept very smooth, all surf-swimmers cherishing a pride in the condition of their boards, and taking care to keep them well polished, and continually rubbed with cocoa-nut oil.

STRENGTH OF SAVAGES.

As an example of the wonderful strength exhibited by savages, the case of the Dyaks of Borneo may be cited, one of whom, while on the march with some English soldiers, exhibited it in a very unexpected manner. The path was a terrible one, up and down steep and slippery hills, so that the Chinese coolies who accompanied the party first threw away their rice, and lastly sat down and wept like children. The English sergeant, a veteran accustomed to hard marching both in China and India, broke down at the first hill, and declared his inability to move another step under the load which he carried. Mr. Brooke, who was in command of the party, asked one of the Dyaks to carry the sergeant's burden, and promised him an additional piece of tobacco. The man was delighted with the proposal, and accepted it. He was already carrying food for three weeks, his whole store of clothes, one twelve-pound shot, two twelve-pound cartridges, a double-barreled gun, a hundred rounds of ball-cartridge, and his own heavy sword and spear. So little, however, was he incommoded with this, that he stuffed the whole of the sergeant's kit on his back, and walked off as easily as if the whole load were but a feather weight.

WAR NOTES AND INCIDENTS.

KING WILLIAM AND THE FRENCH FREEMASONS.

A SHORT time since the Paris newspapers published a citation issued by the Masonic Lodge of the Orient of France against the Reverend Brother William, King of Prussia, as a traitor to Freemasonry. The King took no notice of this citation; so he was tried as contumacious, and condemned to excommunication. In connection with this, M. Victor Hugo's newspaper, the *Rappel*, publishes the following: "Brother William is now out of the pale of the law. All Freemasons are authorized to assault him and to inflict upon him capital punishment. It remains to be seen how the sentence will be carried out. A Freemason in whose presence a doubt was expressed as to the seriousness of such a condemnation replied, 'Do not laugh; the sentence of the Masonic tribunal is of such a dreadful nature that Bonaparte undertook the Italian war solely to retrieve himself from the excommunication pronounced against him by the lodges of Naples and Milan. Pianori and Orsini were Freemasons.'"

A NARROW ESCAPE.

HERR WICKEDE, a gallant Prussian officer, gives a graphic account of a narrow escape from capture. He had to proceed from Epinal to Besoul, with three other officers and two privates, in order to join the 14th corps, through a district not regularly occupied by the German troops, and often infested by small bands of francs-tireurs. They started on a wagon, and halted at a village called Agrigoncourt for food and fodder. Their appearance created some stir. The women and children collected, and several men hastened up from the fields. The landlady of the inn curtly refused to entertain them; but Herr Wickede followed her into the kitchen, and by a few adroit compliments induced her to prepare them a substantial meal. Meanwhile thirty or forty men in blouses, armed with pikes, dung-forks, and partially with guns, laid siege to the house. He went out, the hostess by his side, and asked what they wanted, but was assailed with abuse and threats, one of the crowd, apparently the village tailor, pointing his gun at him, and swearing that the whole six should be shot. Herr Wickede told them that he and his companions were in their power, but reminded them that their captivity or death would certainly be avenged on the village. Thereupon differences of opinion arose, there was a lively discussion, and eventually the tailor was outvoted, it being determined that the priest should decide on their fate. The priest was sent for. He proved an intelligent man, foresaw the certain destiny of the village in case the Germans were ill-treated, ordered the peasants to disperse, and even mounted the wagon to protect the strangers. Herr Wickede took a friendly leave of the landlady, who, though she had a brother in the French army, who had been captured at Metz, had been resolutely on his side. The priest accompanied them to the next village, where he handed them over to the protection of another *curé*, and he in turn transferred the charge to a third. They consequently escaped molestation, though encountering many black looks, and safely reached Besoul. "Whoever," he remarks, "has the priests and women for him in the French villages is sure to come off well, for both of them wield an unlimited power."

PREPARATIONS FOR A WINTER CAMPAIGN.

THE long railway tunnel at Nanteuil, the blowing up of which by the French has been a serious obstruction to the conveyance of German troops and *matériel* up to Paris, has been nearly restored, according to the *Frankfort Gazette*, by the military railway detachment. The *débris* were cleared out, and oaken beams and posts were erected. In a fortnight it is expected to be open for traffic. The task appeared a formidable one, but it was facilitated by the mountain through which the tunnel passed being composed of a soft sandstone. From Berlin it is stated that the dispatch of guns and of men belonging to the reserves is still, according to the German papers, in progress. Hundreds of convalescent wounded are returning to the field, all burning with anxiety to be again led against the enemy. The railway from Nanteuil to Meux is being actively proceeded with, and enormous masses of war material, on reaching the railway terminus, are forwarded by road, which, however, will be superseded when the Nanteuil tunnel is completed. The Saxon military authorities have ordered a large number of furs, and existing contracts have been renewed, indicating the probability of the war being prolonged for some months. A Saxon officer before Paris writes: "In all human probability there will and must be a winter campaign. We have made up our minds to not seeing home for many months yet, and it seems, indeed, to us all better to carry on the war to the utmost now than to renew it in two or three years." "Every private letter from the camp," says a Dresden letter, "shows that the officers and soldiers bear their fatigues and privations with fortitude and confidence. The wish, however, for a speedy, secure, and honorable peace is general among the army."

MAKING GOOD USE OF PRISONERS.

THE French prisoners of war in Germany are not only to be employed in large numbers on farms and in industrial establishments, as is already the case in many instances, but in small concerns, so as to supply the scarcity of labor caused by the war in handicraft and other occupations. The remuneration is fixed at half a franc a day, besides board and lodging. The brewers and bakers of Cologne have already selected assistants, and the *Cologne Gazette* has already seen a French soldier employed in a brewery, having donned a jacket and apron over his uniform,

From an Original Drawing by Mr. J. F

...Mr. J. F...ns, of Munich, Bavaria.—[See Page 806.]

WAR TIME IN BAVARIA.

BAVARIA, the largest and most important of the South German states, was, until after the war of 1866, the firm ally of Austria, and her most influential support against the rivalry of Prussia; but with the humiliation of Austria at Sadowa popular sentiment in Bavaria underwent a sudden change. Court and people saw that it would be useless to struggle against the manifest destiny of Prussia, and the idea of forming a part of the vast German empire projected by Count BISMARCK at length overshadowed the sentiment of a petty independence. Contrary to the expectations of NAPOLEON and his cabinet, Bavaria entered heartily into the war for the defense of Germany against French aggression, and her troops have played an important part in the wonderful campaign that has laid prostrate the military power of the "grand nation." The siege of Strasburg was conducted by Bavarian soldiers.

To commemorate the share of this little kingdom in the war, we give our readers this week an admirable picture, drawn expressly for *Harper's Weekly* by Mr. J. F. GOOKINS, an artist now resident in Munich. But few words of explanation are necessary, as the picture tells its own story.

The large figure on the left, holding a wreath, is that of the famous "Bavaria," modeled by SCHWANTHALER, which overlooks the "Volksfest" grounds at Munich. It is ninety-five feet from the base of the pedestal to its highest reach, the statue itself being sixty-five feet in height. It was cast in bronze furnished by cannon captured from the Turks. In the head of the figure is standing-room for several persons, and from loopholes hidden from outward scrutiny in the folds of the hair one may have fine views of the city, while in the distance loom up the picturesque forms of the Tyrolese Alps.

The other large figure is that of the Crown Prince of Prussia, the soldier-genius of the war, whose steps already take hold on the future with fiery tread. He prefigures the destiny of his nation.

In the centre of the picture is a view of the Odeonplatz, Munich, on which front the Theatiner Church, the equestrian statue to LUDWIG I., of Bavaria, and various palaces and other edifices. The day our artist made his sketch flags were displayed throughout the city in honor of the surrender of Strasburg, and the Bavarian Jägers, who were leaving for the front, were marching through the Platz.

In the upper corners are suggestions of those whom neither age nor sex can exempt from the keenest miseries of war. Underneath these are the Marian Platz, where people assemble to pray before the statue of MARY, and "Die Wacht am Rhein"—a realistic illustration drawn from the famous poem.

At the bottom of the picture War, in the shape of a hideous female fiend, gathers the vintage of 1870, and crushing the grapes in her hands, transmutes them into bayonets and blood.

Scenes of quiet humor are not infrequent in Munich, two of which have been sketched by our artist. Near the royal palace are some captured cannon that excite continual curiosity among the peasantry that come in from the country. The mitrailleuses especially are examined with wonder and awe. Among the crowds of conscripts daily thronging into the city are many who seem to think going to the front a very unpleasant business, especially when they meet with wounded soldiers returning from the front, and listen to their stories of the awful struggles before Sedan and Metz.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

TAKING revenge by heaping up coals of fire may be shown in many ways. Let us take one, by no means uncommon in a certain kind of home—that of excessive and exaggerated patience during and long after a temporary attack of ill-temper on your part, and of an unrelenting obedience to your transient wishes, if they have been petulantly expressed. Most people are at times afflicted with peevish humors, and you are not exempt from the ordinary feelings of humanity. But your humor was temporary, and you are heartily ashamed of it, and sorry that you gave way to it as you did; and when it has passed, and you are again in your right mind, you wish for nothing so much as a candid oblivion on both sides. You are ready to make any apology that may be needed, and you would bear meekly even an uncompromising rating, if only it might end in frank forgiveness and forgetfulness. But your coal-heaper does not forgive, and can not forget, and takes good care that neither shall you. If you plunge head foremost into an apology, you are stopped with the loftiest, the most intense expression of meekness and forbearance. "My dear," deprecatingly, "why say a word about it? I assure you I bear no ill-will! I know my duty, and I hope I shall have strength given me to do it; so pray say no more!" Perhaps with the addition, smiling plaintively, "Am I not accustomed to it?"

Another form of coal-heaping is an exaggerated attention to your hasty words. Say you have found fault with your wife or housekeeper, for something that has gone wrong in her special department; say even that, because of a temporary derangement of your health, with derangement of temper to correspond, the fault found was disproportioned to the offense committed; yet all you meant to inculcate was the necessity of a reasonable reform in a slight misdemeanor, and better ordering in some affair of minor mismanagement. Your heaper-up of burning coals is determined that the reform shall not be reasonable, and that it in its excess shall be your punishment. You have committed the offense of remonstrating against certain wastefulness in the home commissariat—something which has been absurdly wasteful, and quite beyond all harmony with your means; your coal-heaper stints herself in elemental comforts, rigidly cuts herself off from her fried bacon at breakfast and her glass of wine at dinner, on the plea of your not being able to afford it; and if you remonstrate with her, and tell her she is ridiculous, she answers meekly that "you told her to keep down the bills, and as she does not know in what else to retrench—as she is sure no one can keep house more economically than she does—she has begun with herself." At the same time she makes your mess like Benjamin's, and redoubles your most expensive luxuries, which are yours only.

One great weapon of a woman in this kind of secret warfare, this heaping up of burning coals, is to pretend to be afraid of her husband, and not only to carry to the extreme any wish he may have expressed, but to do it with a certain affectation of fear, as if he were the ogre of whom she was in mortal dread, though sweetly resigned to her fate all the same; as if he were a tyrant, whose good-will she seeks to propitiate by works of supererogation, all the time she is quivering with fear and anticipating the worst. The children play a large part in this special manner of coal-heaping. You are reasonably fond of them, but you do not think it necessary to give up all the gravity of life, all the importance of business, to their pleasures. And you do not think it hurts them to be snubbed if they are troublesome, and put in their right place, the back-ground, if they are forward and in the way. You come home harassed and disturbed. Things are looking black in the city; your difficult case, from which you had hoped so much in the hospital yesterday, threatens to prove a failure; you lost your cause in court to-day by an oversight; one of the thousand anxieties to which professional men are subject has invaded your peace of mind and ruffled your temper; and you tell your wife irritably—we will grant the irritability—that you wish she "would keep the children quiet, and not let them make such a confounded noise."

From that day forward you are their ogre as well as hers, and your presence is the signal for their penance.

"Hush! here's papa!" mamma says, in a half frightened kind of way, as soon as you are within hearing. "Papa doesn't like you to talk, dears; speak softly," in an audible whisper from the other end of the room, where they are all congregated together, mamma and the little ones, with half-scared looks turned askance at you, seated in solitary majesty before the blazing grate. After which presently comes a faint sigh of pity for herself and them, and an expressive shiver, followed by a gentle, "Come with me, we will go into another room where there is a fire, and then you can play without disturbing papa."

You all this while, having got over the pinch under which you were suffering some weeks ago when you asked for quiet, are perfectly indifferent to their little voices, and, indeed, rather enjoy listening to their prattle, and hearing their odd remarks. But you once told your wife to keep them quiet, and she takes her revenge by making your momentary irritation an enduring annoyance.

Excess is one of the great evils against which we have to fight; and excess, in even heaping up the burning coals of forgiveness on the head of a sinner, transforms into a vice that which is one of our loveliest virtues. Neither, then, when it is revenge in ambush and punishment in ambuscade, nor when it is so excessive that it cuts away the first duty we owe ourselves, namely, self-respect, can that kind of patience known by the phrase of heaping coals of fire on the head of him who has offended us be praised or practiced without limitation. This is not saying that we are not to forgive; but that we are not to carry the virtues of the Christian into the vices of the slave—not to confound the sweet humiliation of the saint with the writhing baseness of Uriah Heep—not to pour out our "precious balms" for the purpose of creating a sore instead of healing a wound.

AN ODD FIX.

WHEN it came at last to asking Samuel Rowley's consent to pay my addresses to his ward, I knew it was all over with me. I felt that it was all over directly I was shown into the library, where Samuel Rowley sat before the fire, toasting his gouty feet, and reading his *Times* newspaper. I felt it was so completely all over with me that I would very gladly have backed myself out of the room without entering into any particulars as to the object of my visit. I would have cheerfully informed him that I was an agent for Boshiter's Hair-restorer, and had called with a sample, which might be returned if not approved after one day's rubbing. But he knew me, and I knew him. He understood perfectly well why I had solicited the honor of an interview with him at twelve o'clock A.M.; he was a sharp old gentleman, who had had his eyes on me for some time, and was not to be imposed upon.

He said, "Take a seat, Mr.— I forget your name;" and then he fumbled with his glasses, and referred to my polite epistle, which lay on the table near him.

I took a seat and nursed my hat. I perspired a little. I had a tremulous motion of my knees come on, which made me look ridiculous. I waited for him to begin, but he did not. I began myself, after one or two secret encounters in my throat with a something which felt very much like a cork out of a soda-water bottle.

"You are not aware—that is, you can not but be aware—that I have long regarded your ward Clara with— Did you speak, Sir?"

"No, Sir, I did not speak."

He had given an awful cough of a double-knock character, that was all. He kept his glasses on his nose, and focused me, and the operation was unpleasant. He was not pleasant in his reception of my statement either; he was decidedly unpleasant, not to say desperately disagreeable. But then he was a cross, ill-grained old fellow; every body knew it in Wolverston, and I have no particular reason to disguise it here.

I recommenced my statement; I poured forth the best feelings of my heart, and with an eloquence that might have melted adamant I confessed to him that Clara was my one ambition. As I have said already, I knew that it was all over with me, but I was poetic even in the midst of my despairing consciousness.

Mr. Rowley set aside his newspaper, drew his chair an inch or two closer to me, put his great hands—rather disposed to be gouty like his feet—upon his knees, and surveyed me from head to foot contemptuously.

"May I ask your age, young man?" he said.

This was my weak point of defense, but I told him.

"Seventeen."

"And how did you first become acquainted with my Clara, who is a year your junior, the hussy?"

"Well, Mr. Rowley, it has been a long attachment. My finishing school at Beesborough was situated opposite her finishing school, and we saw each other at church; and I think—"

"I think that you both ought to be horse-whipped!" he said, fiercely, interrupting me; "and as for my consent to Clara's engagement to a boy like you—I will even go so far as to say a whipper-snapper like you—"

"A whipper-snapper, Sir!"

"I repeat it, a whipper-snapper!" cried old Rowley, becoming very red and apoplectic in appearance. "I decline to listen to your preposterous proposal for one instant. Clara is only sixteen, and does not know her own mind—she is a mere child."

"But we shall both grow older, Mr. Rowley."

"Ah, and more sensible, I hope. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Sir."

I did not wait to tell him of my expectations from my grandmother, or to reason with him on his want of justice and consideration. I went away crest-fallen and heart-broken. I dashed from the library in despair, and brought my forehead against that of my beloved with a concussion that was nearly the means of stretching our senseless forms outside the tyrant's den, the victims of his cruel obduracy. Clara, naturally interested in the result of my interview with her guardian, had forced her pure but anxious soul to listen at the library keyhole. I had retired in haste, and floored her.

"Oh, my gracious!" she sobbed forth; "I did not know you were coming out like that! Oh, my head! Oh, how dreadful! Oh, Alphonse, we must part forever!"

She rested her head on my shoulder, and shed many tears. I kissed away her tears; I patted her head fondly, keeping clear of the bumps which I had raised there. I could scarcely see her golden hair for tears myself—the water had risen into my eyes immediately we had met each other. I sought to calm her emotion. I bade her be firm, and I recommended vinegar and brown paper for her damaged brow. I said that I should try them myself when I got home. I told her that I would die rather than relinquish her; she said the same thing in a burst of uncontrollable emotion; we renewed our vows of eternal fidelity, and tore ourselves from each other's arms, crushed in spirit, but strong yet to resist unjust oppression.

I told all my troubles to Jack Edwards, my bosom friend and adviser. Jack and I had been school-fellows together; we were going into the medical profession together presently: my father had resolved that I should walk the hospitals instead of the rosy path of love. Jack heard my story, and said that he would not have stood half of old Rowley's nonsense; but what he would have done under the circumstances he did not impart to me at the time, and I forgot to ask him afterward.

Clara and I met clandestinely. We were lovers; we had been lovers from our youth; the flinty heart of a guardian who had outlived mortal passion was not to stand between our fresh young souls.

I met Clara in the village; I scaled the park fence, and met her in the green wood; and Jack, good fellow, kept watch on the door of the Hall and old Rowley's library windows with a telescope, lest we should be surprised at any moment. Clara and I passed much of our time talking of what we should do when she came into her property at twenty-one, and my grandmother favored me by departing from this earthly sphere; but it was a sharp winter, and our teeth chattered over our prospects. Clara and I used to arrange our meetings in this wise. Clara had a confidant in the game-keeper, Peter Stokes, an invaluable man, with a weakness for tobacco, and with a heart all charity toward his fellow-creatures. Peter was always getting up subscriptions for his fellow-creatures in the village; and what with his subscriptions and his tobacco—I kept him entirely in tobacco—my pocket-money knew but little rest. Still he had a good heart, and was kind to us. He took charge of our correspondence, which was carried on by a circumlocutory but sure process. Clara gave it to her maid Selina, another confidante—who, alas! proved herself a perfidious snake—and Selina intrusted it to Peter, who took it to a gnarled monarch of the forest—an oak-tree in fact—and concealed it from all human gaze in a small hollow cavity some ten feet from the ground, where, at a later hour, I found it, and deposited my answer, to be conveyed by the same process into my dearest Clara's hands.

Peter was a lank old man, and very wiry; he could climb a tree like a squirrel, and I was agile myself. The whole conception was romantic, if you will, but grand! I thought so, Clara thought so, Peter thought so. The idea was from Millais's picture, which we had both carefully studied; and if Peter had not generally deposited his small notes to myself at the same time, asking my "kind considerashun, as a gentleman born with a warm hart, to an aflicting kase in the parrish," the romance would have been pure and unalloyed.

Clara defied the obdurate guardian for two months; it was February when Selina Muggins betrayed us. I was advancing, in an innocent and unsuspecting manner, to the secret post-office in the wood, half a mile from Mr. Rowley's house, when I became conscious of the whole perfidy. I was close upon the tree—that brave old oak which had held so many secrets—when voices in another direction filled my soul with horror. They were the voices of Samuel Rowley, Esq., J.P., and Peter Stokes, my Mercury. I sank down in the long grass—there was a rapid thaw that morning, and the damp struck to me at once—and trembled for my love. I was not an instant too soon; their footsteps were upon me. Mr. Rowley's right foot was nearly upon me also; he shaved my features by a hair's breadth, and passed on. The harsh tones of his voice rang in my ears an instant afterward.

"You don't consider yourself an abominable scamp, I suppose?" Mr. Rowley said, "an unprincipled old vagabond, to act as a go-between to a silly school-girl and that idiot of a boy! You never thought of the harm of encouraging this, did you?"

"I'm werry sorry, Sir," whimpered Peter.

"Teaching my ward to be deceitful for the sake of a few sixpences, I suppose?"

"I've never had a ha'penny, your honor, much more a sixpence."

Neither had he. They were generally half crowns he was in the habit of receiving from me.

"You deserve to be kicked out of my service, Stokes—drummed out of the village, for a wicked old hypocrite!"

"They was werry fond of each other, Sir, and Miss Clara used to ask me so beseeching; and when I told her there was harm in writing to Master Huskisson without her dear gardewan's knowing any think about it, she allers said it was for the last time, Sir—really."

"If it was not for your age, Stokes, I'd send you about your business this very day."

"I'm werry sorry, Sir," Stokes said again, shedding many tears.

"Is this the tree?"

"Yes, Sir, that's the tree."

"And Clara's last letter is up there now, eh? In that hole? Now no more lies!"

"Yes, Sir, in that hole."

"How on earth do you get at it?"

"Master Huskisson climbs up there, Sir, for his answers. I'll go up and fetch down Miss Clara's letter in a minit."

There was a small epistle of his own he wished to obtain as well, perhaps; or it was possible that his noble mind had suggested some scheme to save dear Clara's missive from sacrilegious eyes. But Mr. Rowley suspected this old servitor.

"Stop where you are, Stokes!" he roared forth; "I'll have no more of your monkey tricks. Give me a back."

"Give you a wot, Sir?"

"Bend your back, you rascal, and I'll jump on it, and get the letter myself."

"Jump on it!" repeated Stokes, with a look of dismay at Mr. Rowley's portly figure; "it don't strike me that I can bear your weight, master."

"It will be only for a minute," said Mr. Rowley, quite brutally; "and if I break your back, it will serve you right enough. I'm not an elephant, man, and I will have no more of this nonsense."

Mr. Stokes resisted no farther. He made his back as if about to commence a game at leap-frog with a justice of the peace; and, with more agility than I had given Mr. Rowley credit for, the guardian was aloft, and within an inch or two of our letter-box.

"Oh, lor! shall you be long, Sir?" asked Mr. Stokes, groaning softly to himself.

"Raise your shoulder, you rascal, a little more," cried his employer.

Stokes did so, and from my hiding-place I saw the hand of Mr. Rowley strive, with some difficulty—for it was a fat, gouty hand, I have already said—to force itself into that casket, which had contained so many of dear Clara's epistles. Samuel Rowley was an excitable man; for he swore a little in his efforts, and turned very red, and moved his feet restlessly upon poor Stokes's back.

"I have got it!" he cried at last. "The artful jade—the cunning, plotting little minx, to serve her own guardian in this— Oh!"

"What's the matter, Sir?"

"Wait a moment, Stokes—don't shake. Oh, lor, have mercy upon us! Oh, damn it! Oh, dear, what is to be done?"

"Is any think partickler the matter, Sir? Not a hadder, I hope, or a nest of sarpents, or any think?" and old Stokes hid his head a little more—tucked in his tuppeny we called it at school—to conceal his laughing and sardonic countenance.

"No, Stokes; "it's something much worse, I'm sorry to say."

"Wus, Sir?" said Stokes, who left off laughing immediately.

"Yes; I—I can't get my hand out!"

"The devil you can't, Sir!" cried Stokes, in dismay.

"It's twisted somehow, or swollen, or the wood has gripped me. Wait a moment, Stokes— Oh, it's all up with me! I can't!"

"Take it quiet, Sir. Keep cool or you'll never do it—don't hagitate yourself; but for Gord's sake look sharp. I'm a-cracking."

"Don't move, Stokes—as you are a man, don't move! If you were to drop, I can not imagine what would become of me. It will be all right in a minute."

"Make it less, if you can," groaned Stokes; "all the blood's got into my head, orful. Oh, lor, what is to be done? Are you out, Sir?"

"No, I'm not; I'm fixed, Stokes. I'm a dead man if you move; I am indeed."

Stokes burst into tears, and howled with all his might; and Mr. Rowley shouted a great deal, and swore a great deal too. Stokes would have run for it, probably, for he was succumbing fast to the dead weight above him, had not Mr. Rowley held him by the throat with his boots, and fixed him too. In another moment I had sprung to my feet, and was rushing to the rescue.

"I am really very sorry, Mr. Rowley; can I be of any assistance?"

"Assistance, you—you—young dev—! Yes, you can, my dear child. Run for a ladder, and a saw, or something, as quick as lightning, to the house."

"Hi—hi—hollo!" shrieked Stokes, as I prepared to obey Mr. Rowley's commands; "don't run; come here, and let me run, or bust up I must! Oh, lor, Master Huskisson, don't leave me any longer—do come and take a turn. He's not so heavy when you're used to him—he isn't indeed."

I saw the necessity of advancing to the rescue at once, and so did Mr. Rowley. I was tall for my age and tolerably strong, and I hastened to take the place of Mr. Stokes, which I did with great caution on all sides. Behold me at last bearing the guardian of Clara on my shoulders, and feeling terribly the weight of my responsibility as he stood with his face to the tree, still exercising his ingenuity to get his hand out of the trap.

"I hope I'm not too heavy for you, Master Huskisson," he condescended to say, politely, for the sight of me was even pleasant to witness.

"Not at all," was my cheerful answer. "You'll make yourself as light as you can to oblige me, perhaps?"

I had not quite done growing, and man is fragile during that process. Mr. Rowley was very heavy, and Stokes was wrong in his assertion—wickedly wrong.

"This is all your fault, mind you, Huskisson. This might have been my death," he said, reproachfully.

"Yes, Mr. Rowley, if I hadn't been in the way," was my happy rejoinder.

"Ah! but"—he looked round with difficulty, and found Stokes still there, making every human effort to straighten his back before flying on his mission. "Curse it, Stokes, run for your life!—don't stand there, you wretched lunatic, another instant!"

Stokes ran away, and I was left as the one support of Mr. Rowley. Stokes had not been gone more than a minute and a half, when I wished that he had remained and shared the weight with me. I tried to keep firm, but the difficulty was immense.

"Boy, you're giving! Don't shake so. Keep yourself more against the tree," Mr. Rowley called down.

"All right. I'll do it for Clara's sake, if it's possible; but if I snap—"

Then I remembered that he had called me a whipper-snapper; and so did he, too, I think, and was sorry.

"Oh, you'll keep up," he said, offering me every encouragement in his power. "You're a big boy for seventeen, and I'm only nine stone ten—not a great weight. I've seen people in a circus do this kind of thing for hours, you know."

It was a gross exaggeration, and I felt it to be one. I was getting faint also. I had undertaken too much; and his language at times was still violent, as he endeavored to extricate his hand.

"If I should die, Sir," I said, feebly, "will you please give my love to Clara? Tell her I did all I could to bear up—and to bear you up. Oh dear! Did you say nine stone ten?"

"I did."

"I should have thought you had been ninety," I murmured.

"You're giving!" he roared again, with a vehemence that revived me. "Keep up a little longer, my dear boy. I can hear them coming in the distance."

Which was another falsehood; but no matter. Mr. Rowley was not a truthful man. I set myself firmly against the tree, according to his instructions, but it was of no avail. My heels, in a few more minutes, would slide gracefully away from me, I was certain, and the guardian of my Clara would be swinging about by one arm, like an early Christian martyr. His blood would be on my head, and so would he, if he came down with his whole weight—perhaps armless—on the top of me.

"Keep up!" he cried, in a great fright now. "You shall see Clara when you like, my boy. I will not say a word against the match any more. You're a fine, strapping, brave fellow, that you are—a young Hercules!"

"Thank you, Mr. Rowley," I answered; and his words *did* sustain me a little, and helped me to sustain him.

But I was sliding, slowly but surely, from under his feet when assistance arrived—men with ladders and saws and chisels; and Clara, too, wild with fright, and with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Oh, my poor gardy!" she cried. "Oh, you wicked Alphonse! it's all your dreadful fault."

This was the last feather on the camel's back. I fell forward, and a grand rush of the servants at Mr. Rowley's legs only saved the guardian from summary dislocation on the spot. He was got down with difficulty; and once down he was not grateful.

"A pretty fool you have made of me!" he said to Clara as he walked away rubbing his wrist; "and a pretty pair of fools you and that boy are, too!"

Still, after all, he was not so bad as I had expected to find him. He was a man who kept his word, and for that I have always respected old Rowley. Clara and I saw each other in a more rational manner. I went to the Hall once or twice; she was at my house on my eighteenth birthday, at a little party which my mamma absurdly called "juvenile" in the invitations; and there Jack Edwards was too attentive to Clara, and raised a jealous demon in my breast.

I went to London shortly afterward. Clara and I were to be engaged when I "passed," and if we were of the same mind, her guardian said. But we were not. While I was walking the hospitals a fellow in the tallow trade walked off with Clara, and I do not think she resisted in the least.

It was an excellent match, though he was forty-seven, and very stout. I went down to the wedding, and returned thanks at the breakfast for the bridemaids, one of whom has promised to be *mine* when I set up in business for myself.

MARGUERITE.

THROUGH silent watches of the night,
From dewy eve till morning's light,
I sigh for her, the fair, the bright,
Who never more will glad my sight—
Sweet Marguerite!

By sea and shore, by wood and wold,
By haunted ruins gray and old,
By moss-grown beech, whose leaves unfold
Their russet garb of green and gold,
Dear Marguerite!

I trace her footsteps' gentle tread,
Her path amid the poppies red;
And still I hear the words she said—
"They'll bloom above me when I'm dead."
Ah, Marguerite!

The joyous voice, whose mellow fall
Made music in the ancient hall,
That sang like linnet on the wall,
And shed a lustre over all—
Fond Marguerite!

Now, where the elms their branches throw
Athwart the gliding streamlet's flow,
Where star-of-Bethle'ms bud and blow,
My soul's ideal sleeps below—
Lost Marguerite!

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

IN one of the circumradiating streets which draw to a general focus in the vicinity of that famous tavern, the Elephant and Castle, there stands an old-fashioned and rather stately looking house, which offers a strange contrast to the hosts of busy yet grubby-looking little shops in its immediate neighborhood.

The building, though old, is yet in good repair, and has probably been the suburban residence of some wealthy citizen a century or two ago, when Newington Butts was a place of resort on high-day and holiday for the London apprentices and their sweet-hearts. It has the appearance of having been made use of subsequently as a warehouse; but at present it is shut up, and only partially inhabited. The occupants of the two or three tenanted rooms in it are an old lady (who acts as housekeeper to the proprietor of the building, and is put in with a view of exhibiting its capabilities to any intending tenant) and her son, a bank-clerk, a fine, well-conducted young fellow of five-and-twenty.

It was Christmas-eve, and Mrs. Marsden and her son were sitting comfortably at their tea, the hour being half past six.

The widow was a cozy, plump-looking body, midway between fifty and sixty, dressed in the neatest of black silk dresses and the whitest of net caps; and as she handed the plate of muffins to her son with a still shapely hand, on which a ring or two sparkled, she did so with a comfortable motherly smile that would have won any one's heart. The old lady's husband had held a good position in the Custom-house, and with her widow's pension and her son's salary of £100 a year, besides living rent-free, the pair were very comfortably off. Mrs. Marsden kept one servant-of-all-work, to whom she was reasonably indulgent; and altogether no happier little community existed than that which occupied the grim-looking, deserted old house.

"Your Aunt Barbara's sent us a picture of a turkey, Harry, my boy," said the old lady, refilling her son's tea-cup with great complacency ("Aunt Barbara" was a farmer's widow in the country); "and I've mixed the pudding myself, and made plenty of mince-pies; and if your friends don't enjoy themselves they'll be hard to please, that's all."

"Oh, no fear of that, mother; I defy any body to help liking *your* cookery. What tea you do make, too!" he said, sipping his cup. "And as to liking *you*, why, bless you, mother, you're worth all the 'girls of the period' in creation!"

The old lady had two weak points: the one was her cookery, the other that she should be considered "to carry her years well;" so she put on quite a Mrs. Nickleby air of self-satisfaction as she said,

"Well, my dear, as to that, though I don't pretend to be *young*, I'm of the good old-fashioned style—"

"No doubt at all of it," put in Harry, heartily.

"And my mince-pies were considered by Mr. Bloxam, your poor dear father's uncle—"

"My *dear* mother, don't I say so?" interrupted the young man, who had heard the story of Mr. Bloxam and the mince-pies about five hundred and fifty-five times.

"Now, Harry," returned his mother, in an injured tone, "why do you interrupt—"

But at that moment a cab drove up, with the ostentation so peculiar to London drivers, whether in a West End thoroughfare or a Borough by-street, and so terrific a knocking ensued on the closed shutters of the old house that the empty rooms echoed again with it.

"Bless me, my dear!" cried Mrs. Marsden, turning pale. "An express come to say your poor Aunt Barbara's dead!"

"Nonsense, mother!" said the young man, who was nevertheless a little pale himself.

"Dear, dear!" suggested the old lady; "perhaps the bank's on fire?"

Henry Marsden, recovering from his first surprise, rose to ascertain the truth, sensibly thinking that the easiest way of solving the question. But he was interrupted by the hasty entrance of the maid-of-all-work in considerable trepidation.

"La, ma'am! here's a gent and lady as wants to take the house—leastways part of it—"

"What, at *this* time of night?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, aghast.

"Yes'm, and he's as ferogious a looking gent as—"

Here a loud impatient voice demanded from without, in angry tones, "Are we to be kept waiting in the street all night?"

Young Marsden hurried out with the light, and to his surprise found the passage already blocked up with piles of luggage, while the cabman, after the unconcerned manner of his species, was adding package to package with a celerity which threatened shortly to prevent ingress and egress altogether.

The young man at first felt inclined to resent this cool assumption that the house was necessarily at the disposal of the new-comers; but happening to observe the beautiful and delicate-looking girl who was leaning wearily on the arm of a tall, dark, morose, and heavily bearded man of middle age, he refrained, and said, as mildly as he could under the certainly provoking circumstances,

"Excuse me, Sir, but we have not come to terms yet."

"*Terms!*" thundered the other, scowling. "Aren't you a letter of rooms?"

"Oh, George!" remonstrated the young lady, looking appealingly at the speaker.

"Aren't you a letter of rooms, I say?" asked the visitor again.

Henry Marsden felt his wrath getting the better of him; but an imploring look from the young lady caused him to say, quietly,

"If you mean, have I any apartments to let, Sir, I certainly have; but—"

"*What* apartments?"

"A drawing-room suit, dining-parlor, kitchen, and four bedrooms," replied Henry Marsden, reluctantly, for he did not at all fancy his would-be lodger.

"What rent?"

"Twenty guineas a week," said the young man, hoping, as he afterward told his mother, by the largeness of the demand "to stall off the old brute."

The visitor paused a moment, evidently surprised; then he said,

"I take them—I take them all."

Marsden, baffled, but still wishing to get rid of the intruder, began, mildly,

"A reference, Sir, is usually—"

"Oh, *I* know," retorted the other, impatiently. "A reference, *or* the money."

These last words he spoke with a sneer, which sent his upper lip curling away from his sharp white teeth, like that of a fox when about to bite.

Then he turned to the young lady, who, pale and trembling, leaned against the wall, and said,

"Mariette, your purse."

She gave him a beautifully embroidered bag, which even in the uncertain light Marsden could see was crammed with bank-notes, and which made the cabman's eyes glisten. The new lodger took from it five five-pound notes, and giving them to young Marsden, said, haughtily,

"*There*, sir; you can send up the change and the receipt in the morning."

Marsden bowed. There was nothing for it but to submit. It was quite evident this man was accustomed to be obeyed.

The new lodger turned to the cabman: "Half a sovereign for you to bring these boxes up stairs."

"I'd do it, Sir, if there was twice as many on 'em!" cried the delighted driver. "Lord, he pays like a prince!"

Marsden called for the servant-of-all-work to show the way. Then he said, respectfully,

"Will you not step into my mother's parlor, Sir, until a fire is lighted up stairs?"

"No, I *won't*, Sir."

"At least, the young lady—"

"The young lady will do nothing of the sort, Sir," cried the new lodger. Then aside savagely to the girl, "Don't stand staring at that young fellow. Follow me;" and he strode up the stairs.

The lady lingered behind him for an instant, and threw such a helpless and appealing glance at the young landlord that, as Harry Marsden subsequently declared, he then and there lost his heart.

"I'll send my mother up in ten minutes," he whispered.

"Thank you, *thank* you!" she said, hurriedly, and sped up the old oak staircase.

The young man gazed after her a moment, as if he scarcely knew whether he were awake or dreaming, and then turned abruptly into his mother's parlor.

Mrs. Marsden sat by the fire in visible perturbation, with both curiosity and anxiety depicted on her comely face. She had heard the altercation in the passage, and been afraid of the consequences thereof on her son's somewhat fiery temperament. Moreover, she wondered greatly that she—*she*, the presiding authority in the house—had not been referred to in the matter. Therefore, as the door opened, she turned eagerly to her son:

"Law, Harry dear! whatever is it all about?"

"She's an angel, mother!" said the young man, enthusiastically.

"She! *who*, my dear?" asked the bewildered matron.

"Oh, I forgot," he returned, coloring a little. "She—that is, *they*, I mean, have taken the rooms."

"Who are they?"

"Ah! that's what I should like to know. An ugly foreign-looking brute and his daughter, I suppose. And yet, no! she called him 'George.' She wouldn't call her father 'George,' you know."

"Of course not."

"He called *her* 'Mariette.' Isn't that a pretty name, mother?"

"Yes, dear. But I want to know more about these people."

"I declare I've told you all I know, mother, except that he has paid the first week's rent in advance. And here it is;" and he placed the bank-notes in his mother's hand.

"Why, Harry, are you mad?" she exclaimed. "You've given me twenty-five pounds!"

"I asked twenty guineas," he said, dreamily, "and we're to give change in the morning."

"*Twenty* guineas, my dear boy? and the landlord told us to ask *four!*"

"I know it, mother; but I didn't like the look of the fellow, and wanted to get rid of him. So I asked a price I thought would stop him."

"Well?"

"Well, bless you! he just scowled at me for a moment, and then agreed to it directly."

"Law!"

"And then stalked up the stairs as if the whole house belonged to him."

"Bless me!"

"Ah, bless me, indeed! I can't make head or tail of the matter."

"But, my dear, we can't take twenty guineas a week for rooms only worth four. It's not honest, and can't be."

"Well, what's to be done?"

"I'm sure *I* don't know," cried the old lady, in extreme perplexity.

"Well, we must think it over to-night, mother, and see what's to be done in the morning."

"Yes, yes."

"And now, dear mother, please to go and see that all is made comfortable for the young lady, as I said you should do."

"Oh, of course, my dear;" and she went.

Mrs. Marsden ascended the old staircase as rapidly as her portly figure would allow her to do, and tapped somewhat timidly at the principal sitting-room of the suit allotted to her new lodgers. A gruff "Come in!" was the answer to her knock, and she entered.

They were a very handsome set of rooms, hung with red damask; but the walls were discolored and stained with long disuse. A thick choking smoke which filled the apartments did not add to their comfort, and in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, Mrs. Marsden burst into a violent fit of coughing.

The maid-of-all-work was on her knees, nervously endeavoring to coax a stubborn fire to show some signs of flame. On the hearth-rug beside her stood the new-comer, swearing at her in no measured terms. His fine, stalwart figure was drawn up to its full height, and with his pointed beard, gleaming white teeth, and fierce black eyes, he was no bad embodiment of Mephistopheles. Mrs. Marsden afterward declared that the first sight of him "gave her the horrors, and made her flesh all of a creep."

Leaning back, half fainting, in a large old-fashioned red damask-covered *fauteuil*, the crimson hue of which contrasted vividly with her beautiful golden hair, which had fallen loose upon one arm of it, was a fair girl of not more than twenty. Now that she had thrown aside the numerous wraps in which she had previously been enveloped, it could be seen that she was richly and expensively dressed. A robe of costly blue silk, trimmed with fine, soft black lace, set off her fair complexion to great advantage; and if her companion was no inapt representative of Mephistopheles, she might herself have been the original of Marguerite. Poor Mrs. Marsden even, with her throat filled with smoke and her inflamed eyes with sympathizing tears, could not help noticing with admiration the vision of loveliness opposite her.

"I don't wonder Harry called her an angel," she thought; "but, Lord save us, how like that man is to the devil!"

Then she busied herself in setting right the mistakes of the inexperienced maid-of-all-work, superintending the poor young woman's efforts with kindly and reassuring voice.

"Less coal, Maggie; it is all that coal that makes the smoke."

"Smoke!" interposed the gentleman, irascibly. "It smokes like the funnels of ten thousand infernal steamboats!"

"It will tone down directly, Sir," said Mrs. Marsden, mildly. "And you, my dear madam, pray let me show you to a bedroom where there is a fire, and you can refresh yourself before supper."

The young lady half rose, and looked at the gentleman, who nodded a gruff assent.

"That 'll do, Maggie," said Mrs. Marsden; "the fire's drawing nicely now." Then turning to her lodger: "You would like tea and supper as soon as possible, I suppose, Sir?"

He relaxed somewhat of his moroseness, and said, in a more gracious tone,

"If you please, ma'am."

"Very well, Sir. You shall have a fowl, eggs, coffee, toast, and ham in less than an hour." And she gave the necessary orders to Maggie,